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ANTIPATHY.

VOL. I.



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*With the Author's respects*

# ANTI PATHY,

OR

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CAT-HATER.

EDITED BY

JOHN AINSLIE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "AURUNGZEBE," "ERNEST CAMPBELL," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

" Pray Sir do you know what are some men's antipathies?"

—" Yes, cats, rats, old maids, double tripe, spiders,  
Cheshire cheese, and cork-cutters."

*The Poor Gentleman.*

LO N D O N :

JOHN MACRONE, SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE.

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

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To every enlightened person, the interesting village of Melrose is nearly as well known as the one he may happen to reside in ; for such is the power of sterling genius, that it perhaps stamps a deeper and more enduring interest on remote localities than anything else, unless it be the eternal associations of boyhood. I need therefore, attempt no description of a place with which I may, without much arrogance, profess to be almost as well acquainted as was that immortal individual who was so materially the means of bringing it into imperishable celebrity, from the fact of my being one of those *cock lairdies* who abound in such classical scenes—a race of rustics to which I feel quite

glorious Bay is a very beautiful - 24



as proud of belonging as does my worthy and esteemed acquaintance, Captain Ormiston.\*

Those who know aught of Melrose, are aware from the summer and autumnal throng of pilgrims passing through it in quest of the strange and picturesque, that the *douce* inhabitants of the place bestow but little attention, and no curiosity, on so common an object as a gentleman's carriage; although they unquestionably would be all agape and agog at what never yet passed by its ancient cross—a red and rattling mail.

On one occasion, however, when I chanced to enter the village, I was surprised to see a small crowd collected around a handsome yellow vehicle, from which the post horses had just been unharnessed. “Some very distinguished individual,” thought I; till remembering it was but lately that I had seen a venerable minister of state pass through without attracting a much greater number of persons, I soon discarded that idea. A little nearer approach explained the cause of this unusual sensation; for I discovered that the elegant equipage in question,

\* This well known and original character is now dead.



instead of proceeding a few yards further to the Hotel of the place, had actually stopped at my peculiar quarters, the secondary hostelrie—one which I had long patronised, not from pride, penury, or ill will towards the other more wealthy Boniface, but simply from having known his antagonist in very early years, and received kindness at his hands.

This anomaly in travelling, I must say explained satisfactorily to me the reason of this little knot of gapers being there assembled; as also the bustle and importance of my bluff host, Thomson, who instead of noticing me or any other familiar face, was in the perfect fever of fuss and consequence.

“Mind the blinds! ye stupid deevil,” cried he to his ostler, who was officiously and clumsily attempting to draw up those of the carriage; and then turning to his rib or ribs, for she was no skin and bone mate, he delivered himself of an incoherent string of directions, to which “yes, yes,” and “aye, aye,” were constantly responded without one single step, however, being taken for their accomplishment. “Nae doubt they’ll hae denner or lunch; so send ower



to Lucky Mackintosh for some pastry and jam, and be sure," continued he, *sottovoce*,—"be sure you dinna begin blethering o' there being company, or, my faith, she'll just charge double for her trashtrie.—And, Tam, get the back parlour put something decent; for the gentleman's *wally* must be looked to, ye ken.—Coming, Sir!—that's for the wine—deevil tak ye woman! (to his spouse), will ye stand there a' day like Lot's saut limmer of a wife, and the sherry's been ordered this half hour; there, tak the cellar key, whilst I get the best decanter,—and Nelly," addressing a young but hideous hand maid, "gang and grip our auld cat; and be sure ye steek her up in the garret, or number ten, for the gentleman canna abide the look of a cat ava."

All this, and a great deal more assailed my ears, as, utterly disregarded, I pushed into the little lobby of the inn, and opened the door of one of the two parlours on the ground floor. This was occupied by some persons transacting business, as was the other by at least half-a-dozen individuals who were noisily discussing the bead and flavour of Thomson's Campbelton.



Knowing perfectly the capabilities of the establishment, and that there were two spacious apartments up stairs (a bisected ball-room) one of which was a best bed-chamber, or room of state, and the other a parlour appropriated to large parties; I concluded that the gentleman on whose account all this tumult was occasioned might have taken possession of the bed-room, and that the other would be unoccupied. I accordingly opened the door, and was not altogether mistaken; for there was no one in the forementioned parlour save a man much depressed by years, dressed in shabby brown clothes, and having no exterior claim whatever to the marked attention shewn him. He was sitting close to the window reading a book, and as I entered, his grey spectacled eye was raised from its page and fell enquiringly upon me.

Although appearances were so much against him, it struck me that this possibly might be the consequential owner of the travelling carriage; and making a bow and an excuse for my intrusion, I was on the point of leaving the room, when in a very kind and polite manner he begged I would put myself to no inconveni-



ence on his account, since he only intended resting himself for an hour, and then after visiting the abbey would proceed on his journey. I made a suitable reply, stating at the same time, that the house happened to be so full that there was no accommodation to be obtained, and that I always patronized the house.

“Then I suppose, Sir,” said the old gentleman, for the moment he spoke I had discovered that he was a gentleman, “you reside in this charming neighbourhood?”

“I do,” replied I, “a few miles off, and if you are altogether a stranger here (as I hope without offence) I may guess you to be, from your intention of visiting the abbey; I think you might spend a few days very pleasantly in making excursions to the surrounding scenery.”

“It is the first time Sir, I ever was in Scotland; and I had contemplated what you advise: but indifferent health and other reasons prevent me remaining longer from home. I however, would sooner have seen Sir Walter Scott, who I regret to hear is abroad and ill, than any of the fairest scenes over which he



has cast his magic spell. Without poetic or chivalrous associations, scenery has for me few charms; it is like a well executed picture, the story of which we do not understand."

After I had re-echoed that sincere sympathy which the traveller evidently felt in the illness of Roxburghshire and Scotland's pride, he again betook himself to his book; and I forebore interrupting him, more especially as he appeared drowsy, and the volume sunk gradually upon his knee.

On the table beside him lay another volume, which he had finished; and taking it up, my heart beat with a less lively pulse, and I became somewhat pursy in the breath on perceiving it to be an Eastern romance in which I had a most decided right to feel an interest. Scarcely had I made this discovery when the old gentleman was awakened by the entrance of Thomson with the long expected sherry, and prompted by vanity or excusable curiosity, I ventured to enquire how he liked the work.

"Middling;"—was the dull reply which, growled forth rather gruffly, tingled in my ears



and froze all expectations of successful authorship. "The author Sir, might I think, have made more of his subject. But I, to my cost have been in the East, and am prejudiced against it, although I have visited every scene which he describes."

And here his head again inclined towards his breast, as much however, from meditation as slumber; and anon I had the satisfaction of hearing his measured snore, and seeing him fall fast asleep somewhere about the middle of my third volume—a part which in the simplicity of my poor silly soul I had believed to be rivetting and overpowering. "He is a cross old *crore*-possessing Nabob," thought I, in no balmy mood; determining at the same time to interrogate so competent a judge respecting the rickety portions of my bantling, whenever it should please him to lift the curtains of his eyes.

This was almost immediately occasioned by my unfortunate production falling off his knee; when starting in his chair, he shook off sleep—advanced to the table, and after politely offering me a glass of wine, which I refused, he helped himself to some and a piece of biscuit.



“ I too, Sir, have been in India,” observed I, “ and beheld many of the scenes mentioned in that work, and think them at least faithfully represented.”

“ You in India,” replied he, “ and seen so much ! Indeed you surprise me, for I had already set you down in my mind as a young country squire. Were you there any time ?”

“ About three years.”

“ Ah ! about the same time as myself. And in the army I presume ?”

“ Yes ; in Bengal.”

“ Indeed, and so was I : but what important changes, glorious achievements, and magnificent military establishments have taken place since I was there ! I suppose then, that like many others, you lost your health, and have come home to recruit it amongst your native woods and hills ?”

“ I certainly Sir, did lose my health abroad ;” replied I, “ but returned home with no intention of revisiting a country which I believe to be inimical to the mental and corporeal health of our countrymen.”

“ You are right, young man,” cried the traveller, his eyes kindling ; it is a general



swamp and grave to every thing great and good; and I am glad, that God has given you the means of returning to the bosom of your friends. Never leave them or your interesting country, till you are absolutely compelled to do so."

Having uttered this in a manner much more impassioned than I had suspected him susceptible of, he appeared lost in some disagreeable reflections which I felt a delicacy of disturbing.

"Ah well!" resumed he, "time is slipping away; since you refuse to grant me the favour of taking a glass of wine, you will perhaps bestow a greater one upon me by accompanying me to the far-famed St. Mary's aisle. I shall hold it a particular advantage and compliment, being under the guidance of one who I doubt not is intimately acquainted with these interesting ruins."

I expressed what I really felt, extreme satisfaction in having it in my power to show him such civility; when, buttoning his great coat, (though it was warm) for the tourist was already an invalid, he took my arm, and to the astonishment of Thomson and all his satellitès;



off we trudged for the domicile of that most indefatigable artist and antiquarian, Johnnie Bower.

I had at first imbibed considerable prejudice against my companion, supposing him to be a rich, grumbling, and consequential *Qui Hi*, but although this was completely dispelled by his telling me that his stay in India had scarcely exceeded my own, I little expected to find him a genuine and judicious admirer of antiquity, and the effusions of that high bard who has woven his poetry around those

“ Slender shafts of shapely stone  
By foliated tracery combined,”

and erected for his fame, a temple in the most beautiful remnant of Scottish ruin and decay. The old gentleman, however, was such an enthusiast as I delight in, and he enjoyed the scene with a zest which seemed to render him twenty years younger.

We were fortunate in finding Johnnie Bower disengaged, and still more so in meeting a celebrated wooden-legged divine, whose learning and eccentricity are alike remarkable.

Although Johnnie has composed a book by



which he lives ; and concerning which alone he thinks, acts, or dreams, I nevertheless question if the Minister be not more profoundly erudite in the antiquities of the place : and if I have seen Bower, at the risk of his neck, taking plaster of Paris casts from the few saints who remain perched in perilous places, I have also sat with the divine upon some damp tomb-stone in the aisles, his leg stuck out as if taking its measure, whilst with a knife we have vainly endeavoured to decypher some mouldering inscription. Such attendance therefore was invaluable, and with his usual good nature Mr. —— accompanied us through the venerable ruins, explaining whatever Bower omitted, and to his annoyance, frequently interrupting or impeaching his often told tale.

But to cut short a short story ; we saw all, and perhaps more than others usually see. First, we admired the ruins from advantageous positions, all of which were so excellent as to render it impossible to give any particular one a preference, and then we particularized. The oriel, the sharply sculptured capitals and ornaments, amongst which is that hand which will



prove a more lasting head-stone to the author of Peter's letters, than the one which sooner or later must mark the deposit of his poetical and political noddle—each demanded distinct attention. Then were the dead discoursed of—Waldevus, Michael Scott, Ivers, Douglas, and a profusion of legendary lore poured copiously from the enraptured divine, so as to delight the tourist—amuse me, and render jealous, and almost sulky, the comparatively eclipsed cicerone. Lastly, we ascended to the grassy roof of the building, and enjoyed the circumscribed, but lovely prospect. “It is like looking into a pie-dish,” said the Minister; but oh, what a pattern!

Our pleasing scrutiny being ended, and John Bower, as I conceive, munificently rewarded, from the uncommon civility with which he lifted the lid of his shaggy cranium; we returned to the inn, where I was somewhat sorry to see the old gentleman's equipage all ready for his departure; for in truth, I know not why it was that I began to feel an interest in one who was evidently no ordinary mortal.

Much as I coveted an opportunity of having



some conversation with the traveller, none presented itself: for his servant had settled the bill, and as there was no occasion for his again entering the inn, he forthwith stepped into his carriage. But before doing this, he turned suddenly round, and gave me his card, saying in his dry manner,

“If ever you cross the borders, Sir, so far, I shall be happy to see you; and though I have no ruined abbeys to show you, I can ensure you some tolerable shooting and fishing, which I should think more congenial to your years. I do not ask you,” continued he, “to visit me from mere form, for I detest false civility, and if I seldom see visitors, I never ask one to my house without really wishing his company. Farewell, young man; and again let me thank you for your attention.”

As he said this, to which I had scarcely time to make a bow, from Thomson and his spouse elbowing me away in order to offer their parting *congees*, the carriage door was closed—the horses started for Jedburgh, and the whole was soon out of sight.

No sooner was he gone, than I became a



person of considerable importance in Thomson's eyes, and many were his and his wife's questions respecting the gentleman who had honoured their establishment, and walked with me to the Abbey; all however I could tell them was contained in his card—Mr. Butler, of —— near—— and whilst I enlightened them, I in my own mind, fully determined to take the hospitable traveller at his word, and pay him a short visit during the shooting season.

At length the important season arrived, and about the middle of September I repaired to Newcastle, and from thence per chaise to ——, near which was the house of my new acquaintance. It was a large ancient mansion with a splendid domain, and had every appearance not of neglect but extreme solitude. There were no servants stirring about the place; and the woman who opened the lodge gate in a very hesitating manner stared at us in a way which indicated that visitors were seldom seen there. I had previously asked the post-boy if he knew anything of Mr. Butler, but all he had heard of him was, that he was very wealthy and eccentric, and had long lived secluded from the world.



We now reached the door, which was opened by a fat ruddy-faced footman, who plainly led a lazy and luxurious life; and pleased to find that Mr. Butler was at home, I immediately alighted. To my surprise, however, the footman civilly informed me that before entering, it would be necessary to present my name to his master, as he was exceedingly particular with respect to visitors, and his place depended on obeying punctually his orders.

This information abashed me not a little, for I remembered that Mr. Butler had never enquired, or to my knowledge obtained my name; and I was puzzled what to do, till impudence or mother wit coming to my assistance, I wrote upon my card, "Mr. Butler's cicerone at St. Mary's aisle."

This was duly presented, and the lacquey instantly returned, with a glimpse of sun-shine on his cherry-face, and telling me Mr. Butler would be glad to see me, he assiduously gave directions to another equally plump, but inferior domestic respecting my luggage.

He then, after I had settled all business matters with the post-boy, ushered me into a well



stocked, and venerable looking library. This certainly, was not in apple-pie order; and nothing do I more detest, than to see a workshop of the mind set out like an old woman's choice china which never knew tea; or a confectioner's studies of the antique at a feast, which it would be profanity to handle. Several high-backed richly carved oak chairs, were filled with ponderous volumes in vellum bindings; from which peeped many slips of paper, proving that they had been at least consulted—whilst the majority of the shelves had gaps in them, like a person who has lost a front tooth; or the books resembled an awkward squad, which advancing in line has just received the word halt, for its villanous irregularity. A round table in the centre of the room was positively a *literary litter* of books, papers, magazines and modern productions of the ever teeming press. Scarcely had I made these observations, when I heard an asthmatic cough; and the door opening, presented the frail figure of Mr. Butler, robed in a flannel dressing gown, and his head protected by a black velvet skull cap.

Although the old gentleman's face appeared



almost unconscious of mirth or smiles, yet did it brighten up for an instant with satisfaction at seeing me ; and after giving me a hearty welcome, he said—

“I wish you had come a little sooner ; for I have given several of my neighbours leave, and I doubt not they have had the best of the sport, although my keepers tell me there is this year an unusual abundance of game.”

“I doubt not Mr. Butler,” responded I, “there will be infinitely more than I shall kill or attack, for I am at best but an indifferent sportsman—do you yourself never shoot ?”

“Never ; years and pastime, Sir, agree as well as sunshine and snow ; yet in my day I despised not field sports.”

I now took the liberty of insinuating, that he considered himself older than he really was ; but bitterly did I repent my compliment : for with a sour asperity of manner he replied, “Do not attempt to flatter me, young man ; there is nothing save falsehood I do more cordially hate than flattery. I am too old, at least I think so, for entering into such amusements ; and the experience of nearly threescore years is a better



criterion of propriety and capability, than such green years as yours."

This was the only bitter speech which he uttered during my stay ; and it was both timely delivered, and sufficiently impressive, for it gave me some insight into his strange disposition, and rendered me less liable to offend him.

A couple of days had passed away very pleasantly ; the forenoon in shooting, and the remainder in dining, reading, and conversing with Mr. Butler, who was an exceedingly well-informed man ; when our conversation again turned from Eastern topics, to that production which I should not have noticed here, to the risk of being considered vain, had it not been the means of my becoming the Editor of these papers.

We were seated over such a bottle of Burgundy, as one might in vain hunt for in France ; or even in England, save in some collection of catacombs, resembling those which formed the substructure of this venerable mansion. It was a magnum sufficient to coax confession out of the very heart of a murderer ; and e'er it



was exhausted, I had mustered sufficient courage and conceit to acquaint my kind host, that I was author of the above-mentioned production: a disclosure which at first surprised him, and afterwards appeared to give him some cause for meditation, inasmuch as he became gradually more thoughtful and silent.

The reason of this was soon afterwards unfolded; for whilst we were at our coffee in a small parlour which commanded a lovely prospect over a trimly-kept flower garden and shrubbery, into a park adorned with noble trees, and the meanderings of a gentle stream, he thus addressed me—

“I had no idea Sir, till this evening, that you had any bent for literature, or devoted much time to ‘study; for indeed, ‘to hear of a young man wandering so much about the world, entering an idle profession, then embracing one of a dry and difficult nature, and eventually flying off into romance, is I must say strange and inconsistent. Man however, I believe, is the mere tool or toy of fate, and as no one can from a beginning pronounce what is likely to be the end, I believe your opinion of me will not



be exalted when I tell you, that I have long entertained an intention of publishing some passages in my life ; not (God knows) from any desire of gaining literary celebrity, but because I have been a being strangely blighted ; and that the world may perceive on what trifling circumstances important changes frequently depend. My history, Sir, would not I believe, prove altogether uninteresting, if it were effectively narrated."

Here Mr. Butler stopped for an instant, not from a loss of words or ideas, but of breath ; for he was, as I have said, much troubled with asthma, and whilst he was recruiting his lungs, I replenished my liqueur glass from a seductive looking bottle, whose belly was swathed all over like an Italian's *bambino fasciato*, and perceiving that he was not finished, awaited patiently what he had further to say.

"It is many years Sir," resumed he, "since I commenced sketching some of the most extraordinary passages of my life ; and I am sure you will find the papers of very unequal merit, and very different complexions. I have however, forgot in the first place to ask, whe-



ther you will venture to wade through them, and give me your opinion as to the probability of their success."

I, of course, expressed my willingness to bestow upon them my best attention; when retiring to an old cabinet, he drew forth one of the oddest manuscripts I ever beheld. This was no less than three large bundles of papers of all shapes, sizes and colours, strung on wires in the same manner as letters, or accounts, are usually filed; and my jaw must have fallen half an inch, when I perceived at a glance, the difficult and disagreeable task which I had undertaken.

"There," cried he, throwing down the wires, whilst a cloud of dust fled from their dingy contents, "you can begin your work to-morrow, and as every scrap of paper is numbered somewhere or other, you can easily arrange them after perusal."

Our conversation next turned upon the best means of securing a respectable publisher; but as utility, and not gain was Mr. Butler's object, I assured him that he would find abundance of public spirited publishers: but that if money had



been his object, and the work in question a second "Paradise Lost," it might have remained in his cabinet till the "crack of doom;" or been consigned to some culinary or other useful purpose.

"Well Sir," replied he, "money cannot be of much consequence to a childless, friendless, old man like myself, who is on the verge of the grave, and possessed of more thousands yearly, than he spends fifties. With your permission therefore, being utterly ignorant of the mysteries of book-making; (although forty years ago I had obtained some little insight into the matter) I will consign the revision and arranging of these papers entirely to yourself, and whatever profits may accrue from the publication, shall be entirely at your own disposal."

I disavowed all knowledge of what he felicitously termed the mysteries of book-making, and politely thanked him for his intended liberality; but ventured to insinuate that I would rather stipulate for another week's shooting as a reward for my trouble, than any



profits which had already fructified in his fervid imagination.

“That,” replied the old gentleman, “I consider as receiving more than conferring a favour; but if you will have it tacked to our bargain, good and well.”

Next morning having awoken earlier than usual, I brought one of the wires with its misshapen load into bed; and with considerable patience and perseverance was able to make out one or two chapters, which gave me rather a favourable estimate of the old man’s abilities, and rendered the remainder of my task less prospectively dreadful.

But to go through the whole mass, *unico contextu*, was really a more laborious duty than I felt capable of, nor was it indeed doing justice to the work; I therefore resolved to take my leisure and the papers away with me, provided that Mr. Butler would allow me. At first he demurred at this proposal, nor did he withdraw his objections until I had promised faithfully to return and spend a few days with him as soon as I had finished my perusal; an



invitation by no means inconvenient, as I contemplated spending a few weeks in London.

I next day, took leave of the old gentleman ; and after an agreeable journey in that carriage which had, perhaps, been the means of my forming his acquaintance, I was set down at the Turf Hotel, in Newcastle, and thence whirled per coach to my peaceful den of retirement at the foot of the “ Eildous three ?”

Having little to do, I now proceeded vigorously in the manuscript, liking and disliking it more and more ; for whilst many of the scenes were new and interesting, an equal number were altogether inadmissible from the taste, opinions, and prejudices of the day.

I felt some delicacy in telling Mr. Butler this, and what to do with the papers or say of them perplexed me ; till ill as I could afford it from any prospect of remuneration from a publisher, I resolved to engage some out of place writer’s clerk as an amanuensis, to assist me in making a fair copy of the whole, which I meanwhile cut, carved, polished and arranged, as methodically as possible.



This accordingly was done at an expense of two months' hard work, during which I had several enquiries respecting our progress from the author. We had nearly brought it to a conclusion, when my boy placed a letter on the table bearing the well known Newcastle stamp ; but the handwriting was not Mr. Butler's, and the large inch and a half seal was a strange one ; as also, thank Heaven, had for some time been to me the funeral colour of the wax. This portentous looking letter was from Mr. Butler's lawyer, announcing my worthy friend's death ; and containing an excerpt from one of the codicils of his will, devising to me all right, title, and claim, to the papers in my possession ; with power to publish them, and appropriate to myself any profit accruing or likely to accrue thereby. Moreover, having undoubtedly the example of the good old Duke of Bridgewater in his eye ; he left me a considerable legacy, a moiety of which I am permitted to keep for defraying my trouble and expenses as editor ; the other to be given to that critic who I conceive has given the most just, and of course favourable review of his production.



To cut short however, a prolix prologue ; when a decent time had elapsed after the author's decease, I repaired to London, and visiting my friend Mr. Macrone, (who by the way is a great collector of Autographs,) explained to him the nature of my business. He of course before making any offer for a work which I praised up to the skies, requested a perusal ; and accordingly I sent him the three wires with their identical contents which I had brought with me for the purpose of astonishing him.

When a fortnight, (the period specified for an answer) had expired, I asked what opinion his literary adviser had given of the M.S. ; and was not surprised to hear it was so exceedingly below par that he could not venture to interfere with it.

“That is unfortunate,” said I, “as it will prove mortifying to my friend; I have, however, brought another work with me, which I desire you would place in the same learned gentleman's hands, and I pledge all the little critical acumen I possess, that it meets a better reception.”

This was done, that is to say, the clean copy



was forwarded ; and as I had still three weeks to devote to metropolitan dissipation, I begged Macrone to dine with me before my departure, and bring his proposal at his finger's end. What this was, I shall leave him to say ; but lo ! Mr. Butler's work is before you.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE more I ponder on nature the more inconsistent does she appear. True it is, that what I may conceive an anomaly, or contradiction worthy of a coquette or prude, sages will designate wisdom, unsearchable from its profundity.

“ All nature is but art unknown to thee ;  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see,  
All discord, harmony not understood,  
All partial evil, universal good.—  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.”

Having no more philosophy in my nature than an ordinary peripatetic tinker, I am mightily soon mystified and puzzled ; but the truth of the latter line I have quoted, is certainly to me far from clear.



I presume not to hint (as has been done) that had I been consulted in the organization of things, I could have suggested improvements; but as matters now are, I could mention circumstances which I would wish otherwise, and which being as they are perplex me. Why has the peacock no voice? the bulbul such mendicant plumage? 'Tis wisdom unsearchable from its profundity, sayeth the philosopher; "and spite of pride in erring reason's spite," jingles the poet, "one truth is clear, whatever is—is right." Now, all this, and a thousand other things my tinkerman capacity sets down as pure fantastical caprice in the good old dame Nature; and who is the wiser, or the better? Let us, however, be desultory.

I have now waded through three - score years of—what for want of a proper conceptive term we call Time; and during that heartless motive-wanting pilgrimage, have observed, that our deepest rooted prejudices are frequently and happily entwined round trifles, which interfere not with the serious welfare of our friends: they, on the contrary, usually constitute the most absurd items of our constitu-



tion, parturient of follies sufficiently glaring to make devils grin.

Antipathies may be defined natural prejudices, and in them we see the waggery of Omnipotent Nature more extravagantly portrayed, than in many of her heterogeneous wonders. We need not turn to natural history, for there they are established for such indispensable purposes betwixt different species, as to become laws betokening her wisdom and her kindness ; but what shall we think of her, when we see a lord of the creation growing pale at a spider, becoming frantic at the smell of roast pork ; or not the least common case, seeing a man of years and gravity like myself, turning perfectly furious at the sight of a cat ? Never was man of woman born, damned with such supreme detestation of the race as myself ; a tiger, or crocodile, would be to me mere playthings, rocking horses, and skip-jacks, in comparison with a tabby. Satan has to me no sin compared with the horror conjured up by this odious animal ; a demon alights within my soul, and does what he likes with me. I undergo the exquisite horror of feeling myself in



possession of a mind acting maniac vagaries, without a quelling, a controuling influence. Nor is this mysterious abhorrence founded solely in terror, in weak pusillanimity ; there is wound up with it a shuddering conviction of the wickedness of my arch enemy, which incredibly absurd emotion, in conjunction with others, excruciates my brain, as if a currycomb were drawn through it, deranges me, and constitutes altogether an idiosyncratic pang, God has kindly ordered few to experience !

Ever since memory could retrace her labyrinths, I have been conscious of this mental flaw, which avalanche-like has grown in strength, influencing the operations of my mind, and with a humiliating reflection on humanity, I add, perchance my virtues.

I am now when grey in locks, incurious in things, uninterested even in gaining wisdom ; (feeling it can be acquired, but quickly to moulder in the grave)—unlikely to lie ; and I declare that this one strange ordinance of fate, or freak of Nature has directed the most momentous actions of my life, and eventually rendered me almost an anchorite. Smile not,



ye credulous ! censure not, ye unknowing ! for believe me, as the organic healthfulness of the most unappreciated corporeal parts is unfrequently indispensable for the continuance of life, even so the most trivial and intangible springs of thought, are of importance as regards general mental operation.

But where have I wandered to ? On reperusing this much, I find I have betrayed more of my tinkerman philosophy, and whined more grey goose sentiment, than I have been guilty of for half a century. The object of this prolix introduction is to apprise my reader, that it is my intention to embody some reminiscences which the Cain-like mark branded upon me has rendered memorable.

Nor is the task unpleasing ; each newly raised thought and circumstance comes before me arrayed like a laughing Venus, with her graces ; or on the contrary, like some impetuous fury, chapletted with serpents, which hiss horridly in my ears. I sit a sombre spectator, as it were, of a series of dramas, sometimes light, sometimes grave ; and it is only on laying down my quill—which I am too blind and lazy to mend—that I remember what I now am.



# ANTIPATHY.

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## CHAPTER I.

“ Perpetual, sober gods ! I do proclaim  
One honest man : mistake me not, but one :  
No more I pray ; and he’s a steward.”

*Timon.*

My father was the younger son of a gentleman of landed property, who, offending all his relations by an early and imprudent marriage, quitted this country for Germany. That marriage, however, lasted no longer than my birth, it having cost my mother—who was a very delicate but lovely woman—her life. Almost broken-hearted from this sudden bereavement, my father having seen me safely lodged in the



hands of my relations in England, entered the service of the Prince of Orange, and perished in a duel with one of the French republicans who had proffered their assistance to the states.

My uncle, Francis Butler, Esq. whose name I bear, took charge of my orphan fortunes with a kindness rivalling all parental affection. Mr. Butler was one of the finest specimens of genteel celibacy I ever beheld. Inheriting an ample fortune, principle, not a want of means for supporting even an extravagant partner, directed him in his monastic choice. It was no disappointment of the affections, no churlish feeling towards the sex which rendered him averse to marriage; and indeed I can only account for his bachelor state by his love of solitude, and intellectual habits. Regularity and preciseness are words inadequate to convey his routine of life; yet, though sufficiently talented to grapple with the profoundest disquisitions, the charm of his existence seemed to depend on every thing that was trivial; and matters of no consequence, to the generality of



the world, were in his eyes pregnant with importance and fate.

Even now his figure bursts upon my view: his tall, erect, graceful person, enveloped in a broad skirted brown coat with its ponderous cuffs, so scrupulously brushed as to defy the most experienced eye to detect a moat or blemish; and then his wig curled so exactly, and not a whit too much or too little of the powder; his stockings snowy as is compatible with the art of bleaching, and shoes which shone like polished ebony. So minutely particular was the old gentleman in his dress, that I have often seen him condemn consecutively three cravats for some impropriety of plait, all which, to my keen eye, was puzzlingly fastidious.

It may be imagined, one so particular concerning his dress must have been equally so upon most other things;—and it was so. Ah, were he but to revisit his favourite room in which I am now seated, and behold all its rules of order and neatness so shamefully subverted, how agonizing would be the worthy old



gentleman's grief! His arranged volumes are scattered about, some on chairs and tables, others on the floor; not one chair stands either reciprocal or in direct antipodes to its fellow; the cabinet's glass doors with its dusty silk curtains, stand yawning like the violated tomb of all the Capulets, the red morocco writing table is an indiscriminate litter of letters, quills, gloves, newspapers; and his own favourite red china ink-holder, resembles an Ethiopian leper. Brought up in such an assemblage of punctualities, it may astonish the world that I am negligent of their observance, even to the contrary extreme.

I however left my uncle's house e'er I became completely one of the many machines by which his mansion was tenanted; and the cause of this remains to be told.

Mr. Butler, in spite of these little peculiarities, was the kindest-hearted man that ever lived; for some miles round his own domain, want and abject poverty were perfect strangers, and to myself his indulgence was boundless. I at this period—at which my confessions commence—was seventeen; had my horse, my gun,



my pointer, my greyhound, and my terriers, and every thing else coveted by the most aspiring youngsters of that age ; and what was prized by me more than all, I had the best of friends to enjoy them with.

Alfred Wyndham was the only child of a neighbouring squire who had a small independency, and being only a year older than myself, we were naturally companions from earliest childhood. Scarcely did a day elapse without my spending it at the Grange, or he at my uncle's ; though from the extraordinary and undeviating regularity of our household, the Grange saw more of me than otherwise would have been the case. I will, at present, expatiate no further on Alfred's character, than to say that he was the noblest, liveliest, and most affectionate friend I ever had. Whether it were purely accidental or the effects of long uninterrupted companionship, our minds were much alike ; our thoughts, our views of things were generally the same, and often simultaneous ; we had an intuitive perception—I might call it—of what was passing within each other, and few could carry on a longer conversation



with fewer words than ourselves, or enjoy one so supremely; we were indeed knit together by some powerful sympathy. The greatest difference betwixt us was in our mischief, for although both were held diligent scape-graces from innumerable petty delinquencies, yet my misdemeanours had generally something malicious in their nature; whilst Alfred's arose invariably from recklessness and want of prudence.

Consequential as were many of the martyrs to our mirth, there was one dignified functionary of my uncle's household, whose interest and years might have been supposed sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, to have rendered him exempt from any infliction of our roguery; and that was Mr. Jasper Harrison, the butler. He was the officiating corporeal of what has a thousand times been ideally delineated, an old, faithful and privileged family servant. He had decanted wine for my grandfather; and his successor had not more clock work in his nature, in some minor particulars, than Jasper. Every bin was known to him, not only as such in the vulgar, but as an archive containing



separate portions of family history ; nay, every bottle in some of them was in itself a legend. Frequently have I spent an entertaining half hour with this venerable domestic threading these spacious lanes of carefully built-up flasks, and listening to some tale of long by-gone revelry.

“There,” said he, to me, one day, pointing to a corner crypt, containing barely a dozen cob-web-shrouded magnums : “there is wine, old I believe as the building, which has never been used but for christenings of the family.”

“And how many bottles, Jasper, were drawn,” demanded I, “at my christening ?”

The fact afterwards struck me, though not then, that the old man smiled, as he said stammeringly—

“I can’t say—Master Francis—my memory is often treacherous.”

Thus did he evade what I afterwards discovered of my birth, that there was no magnum dislodged from that or any other cavern in the cellar when I was born. And no wonder : for, reader, in three words, my mother was the dairy-maid of my proud grandfather.



So fond was my uncle of this ancient retainer, that I remember no other way of giving him serious umbrage than insulting him. To seriously ill use so excellent an old soul, would I grant, have been unpardonable barbarity, and yet, even now, I cannot help thinking that the crustiness of the butler, which at times exceeded that of his oldest wine, frequently met with a merited castigation from both Alfred and myself.

It may be supposed I was not allowed to infringe upon the cleanliness or order of any of my uncle's apartments, and had therefore a couple of rooms devoted entirely to my own purposes. In these, I kept my gun, pistols, fishing apparatus, tools, and a thousand other different things, in such promiscuous disorder, as would have thoroughly sickened Mr. Butler had he ever mustered sufficient courage to pop his nose therein. These rooms, Alfred and I regarded justly as the inviolable altar of our privacy, and no one ever ventured to presume otherwise, save and except the incorrigible Jasper. Disregarding stubbornly all my remonstrances, the licensed old man, whenever



the fire in his own pantry chanced to be low, and he required its immediate use, scrupled not to take advantage of mine, which I always kept fiercely blazing. To complain to my uncle against him was useless, for he would always say, "Well, Frank, I dare say Harrison would not have intruded into your rooms unless from some urgent emergency;" and that was all the redress I ever obtained.

Alfred and I chanced to come in from shooting one frosty forenoon, and lo! what do we perceive upon the said fire but an iron pot containing a quantity of boiling wax which Jasper was about to use for sealing his wine bottles; there was no excuse for this intrusion, as he might have taken it to the kitchen; and without thinking of the consequences I gave the pot a kick which overturned it, and in a trice such a volume of flame arose, as set the chimney on fire. Moreover, to our dismay, the wax ran in a lava-like stream along the floor, threatening to set on fire the boards after utterly demolishing, as it did, a portion of the carpet. Such a hubbub as then took place!—servants fluttering about like harpies, scream-



ing and bawling. Harrison, to the risk of breaking his neck, rushing distractedly with a couple of buckets to the pump; pumping till out of breath; returning in such a hurry as to spill half what he had pumped; and then dashing one bucket on the now almost noxious material.

At this moment, Alfred with a never-to-be sufficiently lauded alacrity, caught up the other bucket which Jasper had relinquished, and with pretended assiduity, threw the whole contents upon his head and neck, whilst I, apparently frantic with terror, with a wet mop black with soot wiped thrice his face, and then hit him such a lucky back stroke over his unprotected white-stockings spindle shanks, as made him yell, and almost fall upon his knees.

The forcible appeal made by him to my uncle (which he instantly did) may be conceived, with his countenance as dark and woe-begone as Othello's.

The rebuke I that day got, was the first severe one which I heard fall from my uncle's lips; and I never, till then, believed him capable of the severity and dignity which he



shewed. The pith of it all was, that if I again interfered with the old man, I would incur much more seriously his displeasure than I contemplated. I never knew Mr. Butler say a thing he did not mean, or did not abide by, and this made a proportionable impression upon me.

On telling this to Alfred, which I did with a long face, he laughed at my dejection, saying he would some day or other avenge my wrongs upon the old Tyburn Tapster, for so he used to designate Jasper, from the place of his nativity—to his unspeakable indignation. It was less than a week after this incident, that Alfred found an opportunity of executing his threat. I had promised to dine at the Grange, and could not account for his elevated spirits the whole way there.

“Were it not that I knew you so well, Alfred,” said I, “I should say you had been tippling to-day.”

“And perchance,” said he, “I may, for believe me I was over all your cellar this forenoon.”

“Not without old trusty Tyburn, however,”



said I, "and he is too surly a custodier to allow you to draw cork at such unseasonable times."

"Be it so," said Alfred, "and I am accordingly absolved from the charge of intoxication."

We had dressed, and were wiling away the time till dinner over a game of chess, when we were surprised by seeing a carriage sweep along a splendid avenue of chestnut trees, which formed one of the most prominent and beautiful objects of that neighbourhood.

"Who can this be?" said Alfred, addressing his mother; "the horses are post-horses, and the carriage a strange one."

"It cannot be your father," replied Mrs. Wyndham, "for 'tis but six days since he left for London, and business will detain him there a fortnight; besides, I see band-boxes and a lady's maid; I would not say but it is my sister."

A dense clump of wood and shrubbery, however, put an end to further observation till, circling this obstructed portion of the



lawn, the vehicle drew suddenly up to the door. It held two ladies.

"My sister and her dear niece!" exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham in raptures, hastening out to receive them.

"Now do I pray Heaven," said Alfred, "my mother has good store of tea, and the milk of patience, for often have I heard my father say, that aunt Rebecca spends more time in discussing tea and scandal than any three patronesses of these luxuries in the realm."

"Amen!" responded I, following him to the door. From the embracing, the kissing, the hugging, the mumbling, the O-dearing! and various other ejaculations which took place betwixt these relatives, I correctly judged they had not met for many years. I will not now draw Miss Rebecca's portrait, who was shown up to the room, followed by the beautiful sylph-like figure of what seemed to me an angel; and I need hardly say, that this was her niece, Miss Landon. If my admiration was great, Alfred's was extravagant.

"Is she not a heavenly creature?" cried he,



“such winning dark eyes, and such a foot! Do you not envy me having so fair a cousin?”

“I see no reason for envying you,” replied I, “since I have every chance, although no relation, of admiring your cousin’s eyes and feet as frequently as yourself.”

“Ah! say you so?” rejoined my friend, laughing, “then let the day that brought her here be henceforth held as jubilant, and your excuses for absence from the Grange will become a dead letter. What a delightful party, Frank, we will make! Such parties, such excursions! We must show her every thing hereabouts.”

“Doubtless—but preserve me,” observed I, pointing to the carriage; “what an extraordinary equipment does your worthy aunt travel withal!”

“A marvellous miscellany, forsooth!” said Alfred, “a miniature menagerie! of which she herself, to judge by her features, is the lanky-faced baboon.”

These correct remarks applied to the gutting of Miss Rebecca’s carriage; for first there was lifted out carefully, as if it had been glass,



labelled, "This side upwards,"—such an animal as a roundish turnip, dirty at one extremity, would represent, if mounted on four legs: which legs were however useless, the brute in question having neither spirit nor power to jump out of the vehicle. It might once have been, as its jet nose and sickle-shaped tail hinted, an ordinary pug-dog. Next came forth two baskets, holding the Lord knows what! and then, after some trouble, a large brass wired cage, containing a cockatoo, with a yellow top-knot. Another wicker cage, imprisoning some porsy guinea-pigs, succeeded; and two others of smaller dimensions holding canaries and linnets, completed this establishment of favouritism; but to venture on any enumeration of inanimate items would be very hardihood. After we had been balked of dinner a couple of long hours, the ladies took their seats, and the following brief account of them will not be held out of place.



## CHAPTER II.

“ But for to tellen you all hire beautee,  
It lith not in my tongue ne in my conning ;  
I dare not undertake so high a thing ;  
Mine English eke is unsufficient :  
It must ben a rethor excellent  
That coude his colours longing for that art,  
If he shuld hire descriven ony part ;  
I am now suche ; I mote speke as I can.”

*Chaucer.*

MISS Rebecca Witherspoon was a notable specimen of a regular confirmed old maid. Far be it from me, who am myself little better than an antiquated bachelor, to chronicle ought here derogatory to a character which, if I do not altogether admire, generally exhibits, I admit, many virtues.



The venerable spinster will have failings, but she seldom has grievous faults; many, indeed, have stuck to celibacy, from their excellencies; these have invariably been girls of high feeling and sentiment, devoid of all disingenuity, who have in vain looked for those paragons of excellence in our sex, which fallacious fancy had shewn them. On the contrary, it must be admitted, there are many maiden ladies who have, whilst in the pride of beauty, trifled fastidiously with the affections of lovers, making scoff and scorn of all offers and settlements, till they found, to their chagrin and astonishment, that a deficiency of homage awaits waning bloom. Such capricious jilting damsels always feel the charm of single blessedness most acutely; and it would seem as if an offended and avenging Providence retaliated, on their withered hearts, the pangs they had giddily inflicted on others; for they become thoughtful, fretful, peevish, and eventually crabbed; whereas, the rejected squatters in the prairie of matrimony receive some indirect consolation by seeing the chattels for which they bid so goodly a price, sticking



dusty and spider-spattered on the shelf, altogether unmarketable. In justice to Miss Witherspoon it must, however, be observed, that she was not one who ever had the power or inclination to amuse herself with playing suitors as an angler does pike or salmon, and then lose them after all by a bungle. No ! she never had had a lover. A woman without a lover ! Woman, born for love ; born to be worshipped and wooed, and without whom man is as a ship without chart or compass ! It is, however, downright verity, and although our sex may have become squeamish now-a-days, from the unlimited means of selection, yet do I question if Adam himself would have been satisfied had his rib assumed such a face and form as Rebecca. She was six feet minus an inch in her shoes, and, like all super-grown beings, had not a single sculptural beauty in that whole bodily elongation. Her neck, which she took the wise precaution of concealing as much as possible, did not appear proportionable to the weight of an immense head and its garnishing. It was scraggy and perpendicular ; her sharp angular features were



sufficiently cadaverous, or rather mealy looking; but her nose was red as a strawberry, and from its point many small wrinkles descended to its base, and from thence again upwards to her eyes, like shrouds—which wrinkles she was accustomed to pucker up when saying any thing cutting or complimentary. Her eyes were small, of an ashy colour, and surrounded by lashes as white as this paper.

Uncaptivating as was Miss Rebecca's exterior, she had nevertheless a warm heart, and those affections which, had fate granted her a husband, would have been bestowed upon him were squandered on the forementioned favourites, at the head of which list was Agnes Landon.

It is right to state, that Miss Rebecca was a joint heiress with her sister, and occupied a pretty seat near Richmond, where she devoted herself entirely to the superintendence of her niece's education, and the interests of a female junto of first rate gossipers.

Miss Landon was the daughter of a rich Bengal civilian, who married the youngest of the three sisters, and transported her to that



clime of curry ; but on account of the delicacy of his wife and daughter's health, he sent them to Europe, expecting the change to bring about a renovation.

Mrs. Landon, however, scarcely survived her voyage a month, and on her death-bed consigned the charge of her beloved infant to Rebecca. Through her incessant care, and the healthful country breezes, little Agnes from a pale sickly and consumptive child, soon became a bounding blooming girl. She was now just fifteen, and exquisitely beautiful ; she was tall, yet figure and feature were alike faultless ; the glossy raven ringlets hung like vine tendrils round her fair neck, in the most fascinating barber-baffling curls, and her eyes, bright and black, had still that moist languishing softness, which we usually describe as Asiatic. It is difficult to paint with verbiage pigments ; but if imagination crown those eyes with arching brows, and an open polished forehead, joining thereto a ruddy cheek, a small and parted cherry lip, slightly curled with never flagging good humour, and as if purposely so to shew a few white teeth you may then fancy Agnes. No expense had



been spared by her father, and no trouble by Miss Witherspoon to render her in every way accomplished; and although far from being a genius, yet was Agnes too docile and sensible not to have profited by those advantages. She sung sweetly, drew tolerably, danced admirably, understood French better than Italian, loved novels better than sermons, knew nought of latin or astronomy. She could moreover string a harp or guitar; and was up to a thousand ornamental nick-nackeries, which are without distinguishing designations; but had Agnes been the most egregious *inepta* in Christendom, her irreproachable good temper would have assoilzied her from all defects.

Such is an outline delineation of the two visitors at the Grange. The dinner conversation was carried on altogether betwixt the two sisters, on one side; Alfred, myself and Agnes on the other; and ere it was finished, we were all as intimate as if we had been acquainted all our lives. Few evenings do I remember having spent more happily; every curiosity the mansion contained was produced; then we danced, forced her to sing and play, and then we romped.



Meanwhile Miss Rebecca was employed in ascertaining the most judicious situations for a prolonged sojourn of her four-footed and feathered followers.

Having pretty well exhausted each source of amusement, we set down to cogitate upon, and devise recreation for the morrow ; and after much pro and con chat, it was resolved that an equestrian expedition should be the order of the day. I was to start off in the morning before breakfast, and order over my own horse for Agnes, he being easy in his paces, and very gentle ; whilst I intended bestriding one of my uncle's.

We now broke up for the night, Miss Rebecca having first encircled in her long polypus arms the delicate waist of Agnes, and given her ruby lips a kiss which we both envied.

“ Good night, child,” said Miss Wither-spoon, “ and do like a dear, see Marion neglects not poor Petrarch and Laura.”

Laura, be it known, was a bandy-legged turnspit, the peculiar spouse of Petrarch, which had lately been pronounced, “ as well as could be expected” after an accouchment of seven



hideous mongrels — and this accounts for the carefully covered baskets.

“Go, go !” said she to a magpie, who at this moment hopped into the room, with the greatest nonchalance ; and after turning his head once or twice knowingly on each side to scan the company, flew to the well known fingers of his mistress ; “go, go Hannibal, you have no business here.”

This bird, by the way, was a notorious robber, and had cost her and others, many a bodkin and thimble.

But all now withdrew to rest, Miss Rebecca leading the way with ample strides, prattling, “*chick, chickening, up, upering,*” and making many other queer noises and distorted faces, to her piebald family felon.

We were both early risers ; but next morning I left Alfred fast asleep, and was on my way to the Hall for making the stipulated preparations. I remember well, it was a most lovely, dewy August morning, and all my feelings, why or wherefore I know not, were wound up to a state bordering on excitement ; it was a mood and moment adapted for fervid



impulses, one in which the spirits riot in buoyancy, and every thing pleasurable impresses pleasure. My ear seemed more to rejoice in the many matins of the birds than it had ever previously done, and to catch every note with an uncommon distinctness. Every heavy dew-bathed rose dispensed its delicious otto with a fragrance never previously experienced, and my eye wandered farther than usual through the thin and distant mists. Even my steps must have betrayed to an observer the joyous nature of my feelings. Reaching the end of my uncle's avenue, I was somewhat surprised at seeing several servants hauling, what I conceived at that distance to be, a net from the carp-pond, whilst my uncle stood alongside directing their operations.

Mr. Butler seldom permitted his carp to be thus killed, and I supposed, from this, that some visitors had arrived, a thing equally uncommon as the destruction of his finny pensioners. Just as I came up to the group, which consisted in all of five persons, I heard John the footman, who was working what still seemed to me a casting-net, cry out, in a



solemn sort of voice, "I've got him now—here he is!" And as he spoke, he pulled towards him, with some difficulty, a rope, the tension of which bespoke the mighty nature of his draft. Mr. Butler appeared affected to a very extraordinary degree, and I began to augur, from his permitting so uncommon a violation of his preserves, that no ordinary strangers had that day honoured us. Before another word, however, was spoken, John, with great muscular exertion, lugged out of the sedges and mud something ponderous, which had the appearance of an old manger filled with sand and stones. Several exclamations ensued, and my uncle's face brightened.

"Well, I'm glad he's not in the pond," said he to his domestics.

"I think," replied John, "I may safely swear to that; but here's a queer article," pointing to the manger.

Meanwhile my uncle had stalked away towards the mansion, and running up, I asked him what all this was about?

"Only," said he, "Jasper is unaccountably



missing. For thirty-six years he has never before left the Hall, and as he has been away for the last twenty-four hours without word or warning, I have little doubt that the old seneschal's days are finished; whether voluntarily or not we are doing everything to discover. Have you seen him lately?"

I of course had not, and innumerable conjectures were made as to what could have befallen poor Harrison.

"I'll order out all my tenants in search of him," said my uncle, earnestly, entering the house; and meanwhile I, with less buoyant spirits, went to order one of the grooms to get the horses caparisoned for the day's amusement. Now it so chanced that it was necessary for me, on account of a lady's saddle, to repair to a lumber-room very near the stair which conducted down to the cellarage, and whilst there busied looking out for one, which, although it had not been used for years, was almost new, I was not a little terrified at hearing a long long groan. I dropped the rusty bit I had been mentally abusing, and listened—another hollow and prolonged groan



soon succeeded, followed by a string of dreadful curses, which, but for the well-known intonation, I could never have supposed to proceed from the mouth of Harrison. Too well acquainted was I with the spot to be mistaken as to whence these dismal noises proceeded, and I ran precipitately to the cellar door.

“Jasper!” shouted I, “are you there?”

“Oh yes!” responded Jasper—“you accursed young villain—do you add cruel insult to murder?—I am dying!—murdered—Hugh! Hugh!” his voice becoming inarticulate from cough and huskiness.

I returned no answer, but rushed into my uncle’s study with such violence as to upset a small table, and for which I underwent some gentle correction.

“Jasper’s in the cellar, dying!” cried I, regardless of the unusual disorder I had occasioned.

“Impossible!” quoth my uncle—“but first replace that teapoy,—do you call that replacing it?” said he, savagely taking it from my hands—“you might have seen it stood exactly ’twixt these pictures, and not resting against



the cornice — there, careless ! Now let us relieve poor Jasper.”

But the cellar keys were no where to be found, although every nook in the Hall was searched over and over.

“ Break open the door,” at length said my uncle, who I believe had it not been Jasper, would otherwise have seen all his household as securely shut up as the citizens during the siege of Rome, rather than been guilty of so flagrant an infringement on the ward of a lock which had never been at default for more than half a century.

The mandate, however, was issued, and speedy was the destruction afterwards ; for John, with a kind of battle-axe, restricted properly to the splitting of coals, bestowed a few such smashing blows upon that panel or board to which the lock was affixed, as disjoined it wholly from the timber. A supplementary kick then opened the door, and exhibited Jasper seated within a couple of yards of it, his back resting against the end of a pipe of wine ; his legs stretched out and crossed, and his arms also extended to their utmost, his



palms supporting him on either side. His face bore the impress of something at par with his despair; yet not from suffering or grief. No, it was a more intellectual and intolerable dolor;—the despair of seeing that lock he had all his life unlocked, in a moment thus ruthlessly destroyed.

Great as was the magnitude of his indignation; severe as was the famine he had undergone for twenty-two hours; ache-causing as was his resting place, (in spite of the saw dust he had scraped together from many bins); harrowing as was the insult which withered his old soul; yet were all these complicated sorrows but as plain black snuff to number thirty-seven, compared with the overpowering horror with which, seated in the posture we have described, he beheld that lock—the bolt of which he had made revolve some million times—hanging downwards with tongue displayed like to a rabid animal. No expression, however, escaped him, and whilst he, with difficulty, raised himself on his cramped limbs, Mr. Butler, myself, and the other servants discharged in file-firing style, a succession of



questions as to how he got into such a quandary. But Jasper, without returning any answer stalked deliberately from the catacombs, nor stopped till he had gained the entrance hall. Here he sat himself down on one of the carved and emblazoned oaken benches, and crossing one leg very gingerly over the other, thus addressed my astonished uncle, and his followers :

“ Mr. Butler,” said he, “ although the frost of age has settled on these locks, never to dissolve, I believe that I shall find this world not so desolate but that some resting place may be found for the weak and weary.”

The strain and diction of this speech was so uncommon as to give me surprise, which was not diminished by the sequel.

“ For nearly fifty years, Mr. Butler,” resumed he, “ have I eaten the bread of this family, and given, I believe, satisfaction, by my honesty, if not by my ability ; I have been happy, Mr. Butler, and treated more kindly by you and your worthy father than I deserved ; but the last five years of my life have been downright misery ; and there is the cause,



(pointing to me) your nephew, Sir, has been my unceasing persecutor and tormenter. And hard is it that the few last days of a life of gratitude to this house should linger away in wantonly inflicted misery. Old as I am, I will leave you, Mr. Butler, I will seek some refuge from this cruelty."

"Say no more, Jasper Harrison," replied my uncle, scowling like a boatswain busy at the gangway, "you shall never leave the Hall as long as it is under my power. You shall have justice done you, Jasper; and you, Sir," turning to me, "might have had sufficient obedience and sense to respect my last warning!"

So saying, and without waiting a word of explanation on my part, he flung himself out of the hall with an enraged rapidity I never saw him before assume. I stood rooted to the spot gazing for a moment, in stupid wonder, after my uncle; and my first determination was to kick Harrison soundly for incensing him thus grievously and unjustly against me. Checking this, I repaired to my room, and from rage, and vexation of heart, indulged in a few bitter



tears alike dishonourable to my intellect and magnanimity.

After this foolish blubbering fit of imbecility, I fortified myself with the reflection that Mr. Butler when cool, would be reconciled by my solemn declaration of perfect innocence of locking up the butler, and after giving orders concerning my little horse and the side saddle, I mounted a great vicious beast of my uncle's, and galloped off for the Grange.



## CHAPTER III.

“ Though puss was warned to fear her fate,  
In lines (by old prophetic cat,  
Writ before her transformation,  
When she was in the witch’s station ;)   
Foretelling thus :—‘ When beasts are grown  
To certain heights before unknown  
Of human race, some shall aloud  
Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,  
Who in vast numbers shall advance,  
And to new tunes shall make them dance.’ ”

*King.*

AGNES and Alfred were in the drawing-room amusing themselves at shuttlecock, spite the risk attending thereon, a mirror, a chandelier, and several piles of monster-abounding china.

Although encumbered with a voluminous ridinghood, Miss Landon, from her laughter



and exercise blushes, was evidently triumphant and enjoying heartily the pastime. Near her, occupying the exact centre of an ottoman, sat Miss Rebecca, deprecating under her breath, in brief ejaculations, a sport which oft times threatened to peel her nose, or incommode the repose of her surrounding pets. She was occupied with a piece of embroidery, and diverted herself by watching at times the unpleasing game, or talking and fondling the large white cockatoo, who sat on the back of her high chair, repeating at times his monotonous noise, and with one foot in the air clutching a piece of pippin, the rind of which he continually discharged on the head dress of his unconscious admirer. A large and splendid canary cage, with its chickweed, knobs of sugar, sanded board, and cotton nests occupied a small work-table before her ; whilst at her feet, on a small worsted rug, lay with nose inserted betwixt his fore paws, that piece of obesity on whom had been bestowed one word from the Lexicon of immortality, the consequential Petrarch.

Terror for the feet of the battledore brandishers, had cleared the room of Laura and



her brood, as also of the guinea pigs ; there were, however, two other creatures permitted to remain in the midst of all this sportive peril which I have not yet mentioned. These were two large sleek cats, the one a real ermine white and long haired Persian called Aladdin, the other a beautiful specimen of the tortoise-shell, which answered to the name of Ariadne. The Persian, who was a genuine fire worshipper in right of rank and rarity, dozed on the ottoman ; whilst the more unpretending tortoise-shell lay on a sunny spot of the carpet, at some distance from her mistress, luxuriating in laziness. I find a difficulty in describing the state of mind with which I threw myself into a chair after answering some trivial questions, and before I had made any of these minute observations on the disposition of the party. How corrupt must the heart at times be without any powerful inducement, since the contemplation of virtuous happiness is oft its greatest torment ! Is it not this same principle which makes us feel secret satisfaction at the slight distress of others, and hail with gladness a fellowship in affliction ? The soli-



tary in sorrow, is assuredly supremely miserable.

What a vast difference was there between my feelings during that fine morning walk, and those which crowded upon me as I sat silent and ill-tempered in the drawing-room. My disposition had been so perfectly soured by what had lately happened, as to make it acutely susceptible of every thing annoying;—and every thing cheerful was annoying. Hilarity was no oil to the turmoil of my ruffled feelings, but as heat to the fever-furious pulse. The loud unrepressed mirth, and laughing eyes of Agnes, reciprocating the joy of her companion, inspired me with a sullen mortification, which being untinged with jealousy (as I had not fallen in love) was truly mean and odious. This groundless and indefensible moroseness I had undoubtedly soon got the better of, had not my eyes that instant lighted on the two above-mentioned recumbent feline favourites.

It was not the hundreth time I had seen this common creature, but although I ever viewed the species with a strange shuddering of disgust and detestation, this was the first time



I ever underwent the powerful emotions I now invariably experience on so doing, especially if very near me. I felt as if all heat and motion had left my limbs; my lungs breathed heavily as if suffering from fog or asthma, whilst my eyes goggled with ferocious expansion, and a dew settled on my brow. Even at this crisis, I was conscious of the phrenzy, the delusion (if I may so call it) under which I laboured; but I felt borne away with a resistless impulse. In short, with infuriated looks, foaming lips and hands convulsively clutched, I made a rush at the hapless unsuspecting Ariadne, and stamped upon her ribs with all the ferocity of a murderer. The little breath unsqueezed from her extended carcass was instantly expended in such a piercing cry as caused an universal panic in the room.

Alladin, who had witnessed this barbarous attack upon his mate, rushed frantically from the ottoman with erected tail; and the cockatoo at the same time setting up loud squalls, raised his top knot, ruffled his whiskers, and whirled his head about in all directions like a mad dervish. He moreover, ever and anon,



distended and gnashed his big black beak, from which at intervals a serpent-hiss proceeded as much from astonishment as animosity. Whilst these antics were being performed, the bird lost his balance and descending on Miss Rebecca's head-dress, with beak and claw deranged it most effectually, besides lacerating her cheek.

After uttering a noise piercing as Ariadne's, Miss Witherspoon fell backwards in a faint, whilst Agnes who had beheld the whole incomprehensible assault, was too astounded to say anything, but ran to her aunt's aid; and as females are wont to do when puzzled, began instantly to weep and wring her hands.

"You shall account for this wanton cruelty!" exclaimed Alfred, his eyes flashing indignation. "I never would have believed that a relation could have suffered so barbarous an insult beneath this roof from Francis Butler."

I had been looking wildly around for the lucky Alladin, and now overcome with this hitherto unknown excitement, I fell on the floor, so weak and decidedly pale, that I wonder that I had not been a companion to Miss



Rebecca in her temporary asphyxia. A short trance must have succeeded this, for on hearing myself addressed by Alfred, I found the room occupied but by ourselves. With less asperity he enquired what had induced me to perpetrate so cruel, ungallant, and incomprehensible an act.

“My dear Alfred,” said I, “you will believe me when I declare upon my honour, I could not suppress the action; it must have been madness which possessed me. The moment I saw those horrid creatures, I felt an irresistible murderous propensity. Go and express to Agnes and her aunt my poignant sorrow; make any apology, however abject, it will be sincere on my part. And now, let me hasten home, for were I to meet these demons, I might again be guilty of some other extravagance.” We then parted, Alfred shaking mournfully his head, conceiving that I was quite deranged.

On my arrival at the Hall, John told me with ominous gravity, that my uncle wished to see me in his study. I never augured good from a summons to this same study, for it was my uncle’s lecture room, and whenever called



there, more particularly after any little *faux pas*. I was well steeled for the result.

I found by Mr. Butler's face, which was clouded and sullen, that I was not mistaken in my surmise, and every thing was prepared for reproof. He had even pulled his chair from its usual parallel.

"Sit down," said he laconically, and then crossing one knee over the other, like Jasper Harrison, which he never did unless about to expound something of importance, he spoke as follows :

"Young man," (this sounded colder than icicles from my indulgent relative)—"I find you are losing yourself here ; my counsel and control is altogether inadequate to keep in check your follies, or induce you to regulate either your habits or pursuits. I have resolved therefore, Francis, for several reasons, and not the least influential for the sake of your education, to board you with a distant relation ; Mr. Tomkins the parson of Red-house ; and I this day, wrote to tell him he might expect you by the end of next week."

Had he said I was to be sent to the hulks,



it would not have more astounded me; I felt heart-stricken; and it was then that I first duly appreciated the blessedness of home. Though pride and rage first assailed me, sorrow gradually softened down all such insurgents, and as I sat motionless and dumb, the tears rolled plentifully from my eyes, despite of every exertion. At last finding my sobs were no longer to be repressed, I threw myself on my knees, and clasping his, begged to know what I had done to incur such severe displeasure; but, without waiting for any answer, I then entered into lengthened protestations of my innocence regarding Jasper's incarceration, and ended with many rhapsodical petitions for forgiveness, and a renouncement of his intentions.

Albeit, the worthy old gentleman seemed touched at this appeal, he was inexorable; he only soothed partially the odiousness of his fiat by sundry inuendos, such as, "it would only be for a moderate *time*—I would be the better for being absent from home for some *time*;—I should have every previous indulgence, but that more *time* must be devoted to



my studies ; indeed it was absolutely necessary, being so backward in my education for my *time* of life, that I should be placed under charge of some clever pedagogue." To cut short this tedious period about *time*, (a great word of Mr. Butler's), the short and long of the matter is, that my uncle had formed a plan, and Aristotle himself could never have argued him out of it. Forming any scheme, was with my uncle like building a wall, no flimsy matter to be shaken by every breath blown against its bosom.



## CHAPTER IV.

"Had I a steward  
So true, so just and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild."—

*Timon.*

A FORTNIGHT after the preceding interview, the great family coach, which had not been put in requisition for many years, was dragged out of its dusty obscurity, and well filled with various parcels, portmanteaus and myself; John acted as driver, and two days' journey brought me with a letter in my pocket, like a hamper to the Reverend Thomas Tomkins.

This right reverend divine had no pupils, no boarders, and no family; but being a bachelor,



household interests were wholly controlled by his sister, Miss Grisselda, who had acquired that climacteric, which entitled her to talk despidngly, and in vinegar terms of all mankind. She was a different species of spinster altogether from Miss Rebecca, having in her bloom refused a curate, and a farmer, and most imprudently lost a great mustachioed Irish lieutenant, by foolishly acquainting him, that she had very little fortune.

This was her last throw on the matrimonial tables, and not being able to enter, she was now fairly gammoned and back-gammoned. Her reverend brother was a very sober, fat, shovel-hatted man, who loved dining, smoking, and reading much better than preaching. And for this reason, he kept a sixty-pound hack, who buried, christened, and preached for him, from one end of the year to the other, excepting on very solemn occasions, such as Christmas and Michaelmas, when such good-eating anniversaries appeared to inspire the parson with corresponding bursts of piety. Though liable by his parishioners to the charge of indolence, he was far from being one of those



idle, fox-hunting, boozing churchmen who are to be found in many parts of merry England, and disgrace the cloth.

Dr. Tomkins was a studious man, and extremely well-informed; he had, moreover, a pleasant unassuming way of conveying to others what he knew, which entirely took away all that savours of pedantry. On the whole, therefore, I found the parsonage a much pleasanter place than I expected; for Miss Grissell was fond and attentive, and her brother indulgent, though inexorable in exacting daily certain hours of study. My separation from Alfred was moreover soothed by constant correspondence, and in his first letter he explained the mystery of Jasper's imprisonment. I need hardly say, that he himself had locked up Harrison, and was afterwards so taken up with Agnes, as to forget all about him.

On hearing the particulars of the affair from John (for I spoke nothing on the matter), he wrote to my uncle confessing the fact, and sent the butler a handsome present, which he, however, would not receive. Alfred, after this information, appended a postscript, in which,



after a lengthened panegyric on the silly passion, he finished by saying, that Agnes and he were affianced. So young in love, and so resolute! I had it, however, soon in my power to append postscripts of a similar nature, and our letters were thenceforth ever full of "stories written in love's choicest book."

How this came about on my side, must now be explained. After finishing my apportioned tasks, a walk, a gallop, or a few hours' shooting, were always at my command from the indulgence of my uncle and Mr. Tomkins. It was as fine an October evening as ever parting sun beheld, that I mounted my cob for a little exercise. The air was amber clear, and the sun was receding in a magnificent vista of gold and purple clouds, brightly beautiful; whilst not a leaf had as yet fallen from the surrounding trees, which, like rich pieces of enamel, appeared, from their variety of tints, to imitate the heavenly drapery around them. At the same time a number of noisy rooks were circling, at an immense height, round a high wood studded with nests, into which, one after another, they successively descended, and



where many of them had been but lately reared. This was near the parsonage itself, a pretty sheltered place decorated with aged evergreens and clipped yew hedges.

A two mile canter across an open barren moor brought me to a small secluded lane, of which I was very fond. It was so narrow as to have the appearance of never having been intended for any thing but a foot-path, and the short grass with which it was carpeted bore little or no disfiguration from hoofs or wheels. It was bounded on both sides by pretty high mossy banks, studded with violets, primroses, and foxgloves, from which rose a thicket of hazels interspersed with eglantine and fantastically wreathed brambles. In short, it was a lovely specimen of a genuine English lane—a species of thoroughfare stamped with peculiarities not often met with in other countries. This unfrequented little road, after extending for nearly a mile through fields, bended round a little summit topped with copse, the bare abrupt banks of which being composed of a bright yellow sand, contrasted most picturesquely, under such circumscribed



circumstances, with the abundance of surrounding foliage. A very aged oak, moreover, chanced to have rooted itself within a few yards of this spot, and added a solemnity to the scene—centuries having left only its hollow trunk, and one or two massive contorted branches draperied with mistletoe, which still—like thoughts of those we love—cling to the perishing, almost perished heart. I was too young to be misanthropical—too fond of amusement and folly to be so—too thoughtless to be sagely meditative—yet felt I myself often unawares drawn to this spot—and when there, I have felt myself as instinctively to draw bridle, and give way to musings of a graver complexion than usually troubled me. How much is man the unconscious puppet of inanimate things! How do stocks, stones, and the eternal hills, with their still eloquence, control his actions and direct the currents of his mind! By what trifles are our best intentions and mightiest perfections excited! The paltry apple, which lost a Paradise, was the means of disclosing laws by which systems are upheld.



As was my custom, on reaching the foot of the fore-mentioned summit, I checked my horse, and lingered awhile to gaze on the surrounding little theatre of entangled brake and briar. If ever there was a spot fashioned for fairy frolic, it was this ; for a space of not less than fifty yards the most smooth and verdant turf formed almost a complete circle, from which at irregular distances diverged two narrow umbrageous lanes like antres dark and deep. The conceit struck me, and my fancy was revelling with these merry moonlight mormismen, when I was alarmed by cries of murder distinctly reiterated. I intend not to gasconade in asserting, that I seldom in my life knew personal fear, nor is it a quality in some of its modifications which one can have any more right to boast of than rashness or folly.

One kind of courage (such as I consider mine to have been) consists simply in not reasoning on the probabilities of danger, but acting in the moment of impulse without reflecting upon the propriety or risk of doing so ; and as years have multiplied upon me, my impulses have become gradually less frequent, my reflection



cooler, and I more a coward. However, clapping spurs to Sorrel, who was a beast of creditable speed, I scoured along the lane at a hard gallop, my head bent down to the mane, to evade boughs and brambles which projected incessantly from either side. Female screams now succeeded, and I urged my beast at such a pace, that taking a corner too suddenly, he nearly went through the opposite hedge, scratching me most dreadfully amongst the thorns. In a couple of minutes I came up with a party composed of two young ladies and two men, who were rolling in the dust grasping each other savagely by the throat, whilst the terrified females were shrieking wildly for assistance.

“Oh, Sir, save my father!” was the only exclamation I distinctly remember hearing, as throwing myself from my horse, I quickly singled out the least reputable looking combatant, and with great difficulty loosened the gripe which he kept of an elderly and respectable looking man. As soon as the latter had regained his legs and breath, he drew himself up into what he intended as a dignified



attitude, and in a drawling pompous voice—which contrasted ridiculously with his disordered and bemired appearance, said :

“ Sir I have to—a—thank you most gratefully for—a—your timely interference ;” here his wind was dreadfully at fault for some seconds. “ You have saved me, Sir, from perishing by my own cravat, and the—a—horny hands of that unequalled scoundrel—once my steward, Sir. Irishmen are, I believe, all born cheats or murderers, though in that brawny vagabond you see—a—two such single gentlemen rolled into one.”

“ By the Holy Father, then and you lie, and that’s plain,” responded the other, whilst his large unintellectual features were swollen and flushed with the most revolting brutality, proceeding as much from natural villany as intoxication. “ You turned me away without *raison* or character ; and after all, would insult me, as if I was not every bit as good a gentleman born as yourself.”

“ Good Sir,” said the other, addressing me, who still held the ruffian by the collar, “ I have to request that you will not subject yourself to



any violence or personal inconvenience from that scoundrel, on my account. Your evidence, Sir, as to this assault, is quite sufficient for all purposes, and I have been a magistrate to little purpose for the last thirty years, if I cannot engage to have him laid by the legs before twenty-four hours.

I accordingly let go the steward, who walked away in a very bold swaggering manner, uttering many oaths and boastings to which no one attended.

Squire Mansfield, for such was his name, had now enough to do in assuring the young ladies that he was altogether uninjured, and when they were satisfied as to this, their sweet tongues were voluble in expressing towards me thanks which I very little deserved.

“My daughters, Sir,” said Mr. Mansfield, “who you see are much more expert in making fine speeches than myself: but you must accompany me home, and I shall perhaps prove more eloquent after my mouth has been as well filled with my best port as it has been just now with this intolerable sand.”

This invitation which I fancied was seconded



by the expressive looks of the ladies, I could not refuse, and I accompanied the party, listening to a long circumstantial account of the reasons of this attack, and which having nothing interesting I shall not transcribe. It is moreover but the truth to confess that I paid small attention to the narration, for strange as it may appear, electrically quick as it may appear, I had forthwith fallen in love—slap dash in love. Two more beautiful creatures I never since have seen, nor were their charms perhaps lessened by their late agitation.

It may be imagined that I devoted to them as much attention as delicacy and the tedious story respecting the steward permitted an utter stranger; nor was I sorry, when turning into an ancient avenue, we perceived at no great distance a spacious and venerable mansion.

On gaining this, Mr. Mansfield resigned me altogether into the care of his daughters, whilst he went to issue his warrant with directions for the apprehension of his steward. It was the most ravishing half hour I ever spent, as was the day the sweetest of my life. I cannot, however, afford to waste my pages



on matters of secondary importance, and passing over how the hours were spent, I must proceed to say something of a family which most unexpectedly influenced my future fortunes.

Squire Mansfield inherited a very ample fortune, but had been unlucky enough when a young man to get introduced to a very foppish and extravagant circle of society in town, whereby he soon dipped the old family estate, after clearing it of a large portion of timber which might have been planted about the time of the Norman Conquest. His marriage too, was what the world consider imprudent; for though his wife was in every respect a lovely, accomplished and excellent creature, yet had she little dower and still less notion of economy. Accordingly, things went rapidly backwards; servants were reduced, the house in town sold, and at length the very harners went to the dogs, as did also a good stud of hunters. Nor did things stop here, for instead of four sleek bays whisking along the shining barouche, two sturdy cattle of all work who spent six days out of the seven in agricul-



tural slavery—were trained to trot the family vehicle to church.

Although matters were in this desponding state, Mansfield being one of the oldest families in the country, was still highly respected ; and as his children never exceeded two daughters, he gave himself less concern as to laying anything by, provided he could muster wherewithal to make a respectable appearance amongst his wealthier neighbours. A few years before my strange introduction, he had become a widower, and whether it was that he had grown sick of life from losing her he loved beyond all price, or that he perceived his affairs were too embarrassed ever to be extricated, he for a while sunk into a sort of apathy ; from which, however, when roused, he would relapse into his old aristocratic self-importance. A discovery of some gross frauds —on the part of that steward—whom he had unceremoniously dismissed, and had been in consequence placed in danger of his life, went far in recalling him to a consideration of his affairs, and he had latterly shewn considerable activity in their investigation.



Such is a sketch of Mansfield ; and now let us turn to his daughters of whom he was so doatingly fond, that he had to a certainty succeeded in spoiling them, but for their natural good sense and tempers. As is frequently the case, they were nevertheless of the most different dispositions possible. Eliza, the elder, was grave and reserved, yet affectionate and of high sensibility ; her tongue seldom betrayed the intensity of her feelings, and she therefore wore an exterior semblance of apathy, which was very foreign to her heart. Alice, on the other hand, was lively, flippant, and communicative. She had indeed as few secrets as cares. Alice was more witty and diverting ; Eliza, the more intellectual and profound. No ordinary eye could scrutinize Eliza's heart :—the most superficial glance detected every thing in that of Alice. Though both were beautiful, yet did that beauty consist also in very different particulars ; for Eliza was of a majestic mien, with raven black hair and dark piercing eyes ; whilst Alice was shorter, springy, and fawnlike in her deportment,



with auburn locks and clear hazel eyes—the very vehicles of mirth.

Such were these fair girls with both of whom I at first fell in love. Yes, I solemnly say both, for in these confessions, however absurd or unaccountable many of my actions may be, or however paradoxical my opinions, I am nevertheless resolved to register “every man jack of them,” leaving the belief of their sincerity to those who are lucky enough to peruse them. Although I fell in love with both the Miss Mansfields, it was at first—as in all aquatic accidents—only a general ducking preparatory to the drowning; and to follow up the metaphor, my doom was not sealed till thus floundering I had grappled with one of the party, and by so doing realized what a solitary swimmer might have evaded. The only difference betwixt me and the ass in the fable was, that I at length did come to a determination.

The lively Alice, like a light infantry skirmisher, had matters at first all her own way; but few hours elapsed before I felt a deeper interest in her more reserved sister. The



heart of the one (though it was perhaps otherwise) appeared an easy common-place victory needing small tact, and still less effort; whilst the other required for its capture skill, indefatigable perseverance, and a happy fortune. A silly remark would throw Alice into three-fold the loquaciousness and vivacity that the clever thing I flattered myself on having said, did her more lofty-minded sister. In short, the constitution of their minds was as different as ores which require the widest degrees of temperature for fluxing. I was amused and pleased with the one, but I was awed and captivated by the other. If my heart had not been altogether taken by siege on my first acquaintance with Eliza, it fairly surrendered itself at discretion on the second interview.

Mr. Mansfield was from home, and I enjoyed unmolested, several hours' delightful conversation with my mistress. She seemed much less reserved and more animated than when we first met; our ideas and feelings on every subject were symphonies, and I frequently found myself carried away with an enthusiasm worthy of a Werther, and which I



never before experienced, whilst I expatiated on her sublime sentiments, or enforced mine own. As I did this, I could not fail observing that her dark expressive eyes would at times sparkle with unusual brilliancy, and her ripe lips quiver, when suppressing suddenly but sadly a train of internal musings she would gradually lose herself in gloomy meditation.

All this I naturally attributed to the awakening of a corresponding affection.

At the same time I must avow, that even during this short career of love, I was imbued with the faintest feeling of jealousy ; and what lover was ever otherwise, however groundless the occasion ? I had heard frequent allusions to a certain Mr. Curry, and considerable surprise expressed by all the family, except Eliza herself, that he did not make his appearance at tea as he had promised during the first evening of our acquaintance. The next day I called and enjoyed an agreeable tête-à-tête with Miss Mansfield. I learnt from her lively sister that Mr. Curry had been there the whole of that forenoon, and had just left before my arrival. What sort of a person he might be,



and what were his intentions, was, as may be supposed my anxious desire to learn; and as he had expressed an intention of spending the evening with the family, I protracted my visit much longer than Dr. Tomkins' injunctions authorised me, for the purpose of satisfying my curiosity. He did not make his appearance, and having a long ride, I reluctantly took my leave, and left the house just as a carriage had deposited at the entrance, a pursy elderly looking man, with a face as yellow as one of the everlasting flowers in *Père-la-Chaise*, and who was warmly greeted by Mr. Mansfield, as his "dear friend, Mr. Curry."

The relief afforded a patient in his first attack of quinsy by copious depletion, was never greater than what I experienced on seeing this adipose jaundiced old man, whom my touchy imagination had for some time conjured up as a dangerous and advantageously startled rival; and I cantered off for the parsonage, in the most cheerful self-satisfied mood to re-enjoy in slumber the pleasures of a well spent day.

I know not whether the thoughts of each



young gallant who peruses these memoirs, may be of the same nature as those which were wont to haunt me ere sleep had sealed my eyes, though I do believe so ; but the sweetest hours of solitude spent by me, have glided away like melody on the zephyr's wings, during the calmness of stilly dispassionate night, in reflections and imaginings on her I loved. Each sentiment, each word expressed by my mistress during the day, has been then fervently recalled ; each trivial kindness or endearment appreciated with exaggeration ; each indistinct hope halloed into certainty ; each prudish petulance apoligized for and forgotten.

I have at such times felt a serenity words cannot embody, enveloping my spirit, as does a gauze-like mist the blue bosom of some pulseless lake ; a sublime contemplation of combined loveliness, and virtue stealing over and softening my heart. I have felt as if the iron sternness and ambition of manhood had been weeded from that heart ; and I could have wept the tears of childhood. Yet, wherefore could I not tell, for a mysterious joyousness pervaded me, till gradually gliding from earth and self,



to Eliza and heaven, I have reflected solely on my God, and lisped a prayer. All this however, was soon destined to have an end.

The very next time I called, I perceived there was an uncommon bustle and alacrity in the establishment; and the animated eyes of the servants and family, with the exception of Eliza, whom I did not see, told that something out of the usual household routine of matters was in progress or expectation. Mansfield himself seemed to vacillate between the gravity and giddiness of his daughters, and was altogether changed in his manner. The secret of all this was soon out. "Mr. Butler, said he, with more than common urbanity, "I am exceedingly delighted to see you; you perceive we are in a little confusion to-day, though I hope you found a groom to take your horse. I am glad to hear it; but the fact is, my daughter's marriage, of which you have perhaps heard, has been hastened from my dear friend Curry's receiving an unexpected summons to Calcutta. Important business, Mr. Butler must be attended to; and Eliza's marriage is fixed for Friday next."



What answer I made to this confidential communication I do not remember, although my lips did make some attempt at articulation as heart-blighted I sunk into a huge easy chair, which proved a deep and opportune recess for partially concealing the ghastly expression of my features.

“You are fatigued with your ride Mr. Butler. Alice, fetch the wine.”

I do not remember making any answer.

“You will give us the pleasure of your company at the ceremony? I assure you there will be two good looking brides’ maids—Miss Harris and Miss Agnew, besides Alice there, who is passable.”

The fair girl blushed and laughed, whilst I stammered out, “Friday; I fear, Sir, I am engaged; positively engaged.”

“Well, you must endeavour to get off. Come child, pour out the wine, and hand it to Mr. Butler, who looks as jaded and pale as if he had been dancing all night, and never since been in bed.”

My insupportable writhings—during this brief



conversation—were fortunately mitigated by Mansfield's apologizing for leaving me, which he did for the purpose of waiting on the surrogate of the district, for the purpose of obtaining a marriage licence.

"Are you better, Mr. Butler?" demanded Alice, with a soft solicitude of voice, which did not, however, check a roguish simper of her exquisitely modelled lips.

"Oh! I feel much better; the wine has done me good service. But what has become of your sister?"

"I can't tell, though I know what will become of her when she is linked to that old yellow animal, whom Surgeon Solus calls a 'Qui hi.' It will just be as the surgeon says—Curry and rice, will I think have little chance of mistaking one for the other."

"Is Mr. Curry then," asked I abstractedly, "here at present?"

"Oh no! his amorous visits are like his legs short and far between. He rolled off yesterday for town in his well-stuffed yellow chariot—(all about him is yellow) to purchase dresses and nicknacks for his intended. He has al-



ready presented her with some splendid brilliants which he brought from India ; but if you would like to see them——”

“ I should prefer seeing Miss Mansfield herself, if she is not very much engaged.”

“ Well, I don’t know that she is, and I will tell her so,” said Alice, ‘skipping out of the room : “though if my marriage day was so near as her’s, I think I could find something else to attend to, than gossiping so long as you do when you get together.”’

It was not long before Miss Mansfield entered, and there was a bashful confusion in her countenance, which immediately caught my observation.

“ Mr. Butler,” said she, “ I was not aware till this moment of your being here, else I had long ago left my apartment.”

“ No apologies,” replied I, “ are necessary ; and I hope I have not intruded in acquainting you of my presence, for I am aware you must be much occupied, from your father just now informing me of the—the happy occasion which requires preparation and your time.”

Eliza cast down her eyes without answering,



whilst a blush mantled her cheeks, nor was my confusion less conspicuous, as I proceeded with what I believe was a faltering voice.

“I took the liberty, Miss Mansfield, of breaking on your industry for the honest reason of personally declaring the sincere wishes I feel for your future happiness. It may be the last opportunity I shall ever have of doing so, and believe me, I should have enjoyed little self-satisfaction, I may say little peace of mind, had I failed to take such an advantage of expressing my poor but fervent feelings for your welfare.”

“I am obliged and grateful, Sir, for the interest you feel for one so little known to you; nor am I otherwise than sanguine of being happy in my approaching change of state, since the path I am about to follow is marked out alike by principle and a parent’s injunction.”

It was evident Eliza intended to have said more; but as usual when she feared that she was venturing too far on any subject in which her feelings were concerned, she abruptly checked herself.

“Oh!” replied I, with a tender agitation I could not repress, “are you as certain, Miss



Mansfield, that you are now happy, as that the all-important step you are about to take will render you more so? Be not offended with so unpardonable a freedom of address, for my feelings are not false, and therefore not to be controlled; can you, Miss Mansfield, enable me to feel a portion of your pleasure by assuring me that you are now happy—now, when you are on the eve of giving yourself away to one utterly unworthy of such perfection?”

The young lady rose abruptly from her seat, drew herself up with her full natural majesty of mien and quickly interrupted me :

“ What is the object, Sir, of such strange conversation ? Were you not entitled Mr. Butler, from your birth and former generous behaviour to the character of a gentleman, I should be induced to regard you in a very different light from your boldness in addressing me in such a manner. Let me tell you, that as you know nothing of the individual I have chosen for my husband, you ought in justice—if not from civility—to say nothing respecting him, much less to disparage thus foully his reputation. I must leave you, Sir.”



My reply to this well-merited reprimand was more wild than effectual ; it was the first severe lash I had received from the lips of my goddess; and if not rendered dumb, my fitness for expiation was taken away. I threw myself on my knees, and seizing her mantle I exclaimed—

“Not in anger ! do with me what you please, but discard me not in anger. It is in vain longer to disguise the situation of an honest heart. By such a confession no solace to me can now accrue ; it is to relax your just indignation, not to court an unavailing compassion that I pronounce myself—from the first moment of seeing you—to have been your slave. Dismiss me not, then, adorable creature, as a hopeless outcast ; say that you parted for ever from the hapless Butler not in enmity, but as a friend;—the pleasureless world through which he then must wind his way will still possess one solitary flower !”

“Unfortunate boy,” muttered Eliza in a subdued affectionate tone, as she half hesitatingly offered her hand.

I grasped the inestimable prize, and devoured it with kisses so long as it was in my power;



it was, however, suddenly withdrawn, and Miss Mansfield quitted the room as well as I could distinguish, through my brimming eyes, deeply affected at the scene.



## CHAPTER V.

“ Ah ! where shall constancy meet a reward ?  
Where shall that poor abandoned virtue fly ?  
For here 'tis persecuted to undoing.”

*A naughty Poet.*

I RETURNED home with the seeds of future misanthropy and unhappiness sown in my nature, with a certainty of fructifying ; it was indeed a sorry commencement of young life, for I was but eighteen—an age when the pliant mind—like molten lava—receives impressions which can never be effaced ; or if they are, 'tis by the attrition of imperceptible atoms until the whole fabric has crumbled into decay. I never again saw Mansfield Hall for many years,



but on Friday—that fatal Friday—and truly accursed of all days—I had betimes wandered towards that lonely country church, in which all my hopes were to be entombed. Memory will indeed be dim when it forgets one jot or tittle of that day.

It may be asked, “What business had I there?” and I can only answer, “About the same as one has at the funeral or execution of a stranger.” I was drawn irresistibly to the spot, and some hours before that fixed upon for the ceremony. Had it been the entombment of a vestal, it could not have been a more horrible one in my eyes.

That Friday was a gloomy sullen day; it seemed afflicted with a rheum; for the dense mists of night had not been absorbed, but condensed into such a quantity of moisture that the trees stood dripping as if after rain; and from the broad jagged eaves of the old grey church, it distilled in slow tear-like drops. There was fittingly nothing glad or cheering in nature: there was not a breath of air stirring, nor even one solitary robin engaged in song; and the variegated leaves fell in regular



unplayful gyrations from the moist arms of those lofty elms which encircled the dewy enclosures of the dead. A full length grave was moreover almost completed within ten yards of the church-door, an old unseen sexton throwing up, like a mole, at measured intervals, the fat slimy soil without his lazy spade being once visible during the operation.

I had ensconced myself beneath a rude porch over a gateway intended for protecting a coffin and its bearers from bad weather, and was for sometime the only animated being there, excepting the afore-mentioned gravedigger; but at length the bells began to peal, the ringers having sneaked in unperceived by me through some by portal; and as they rung they creaked and clashed with a duller discordancy than I had ever heard. An hour afterwards and all was bustle, confusion, and expectation; a crowd of villagers, young and old having gradually assembled round the church, to witness the arrival and departure of the bridal party.

At length the wished-for pageant arrived; it consisted of four carriages, in the first of



which sat Mansfield and his daughters, and in the second yellow one was stuck the equally yellow bridegroom, with his second for this amatory rencontre. The others were crammed with the bridemaids, and other friends or relatives. I watched the gay and giddy party alight and enter the churchyard, which they did by a gate opposite to the one where I was planted; and as no one perceived or thought of me, my eyes scanned with safety the looks of those individuals in which I was most interested, during the few moments that passed before they hurried into the building.

Eliza was finely but not extravagantly dressed, and though pale and thoughtful, I had never seen her look more ravishingly beautiful. I know not what emotion of the mind it was which supported me so firmly during the trying moments that succeeded; it was not curiosity, nor resignation, nor yet the dark balm of despair; but whilst that gay band crossed the rank-hallowed enclosure by its wide walk of flagged tomb-stones, I scarcely experienced one pang. I saw them enter and disappear in the low vault-looking porch of



the church, and my eyes were long fixed in a vacant reverie on the mottled oaken door which closed upon them. From this, I was startled by the sudden and hideous crash of the bells which had been hushed during the ceremony—it was over;—the door was now pushed widely open by an officious beadle, who beat back the assembled crowd of curious children, and the four grey horses of a ready drawn up carriage were metted by their impatient post boys.

“ They are coming ; there she is ! ” cried the crowd.

This was more than I could face, and turning my back on the approaching party and the crowd, which was too much occupied to observe me, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and stood paralysed to the spot which I had never left. At this moment I heard the trampling of horses’ hoofs in the gravel, which even the buzz of the spectators could not drown, and the reflection piercing me, that it was a weakness I would bitterly repent if I took not a last look of Eliza. I regained my former posture just in time to see her hurried into her carriage



whilst her hateful husband followed with some difficulty. The ready footman then closed the door with an appalling noise, and e'er he could mount his seat behind, the well practised postilions had started off so rapidly and in such unison as to spank about the gravel in all directions. My state of mind had rendered me negligent to the certainty of their passing where I stood; and to my confusion, before I could possibly have retired, the carriage brushed close by me; my eyes met the newly-married Eliza's; but I believed and firmly hoped the motion was too rapid to admit of any recognition on her part.

For many yards I followed the carriage with eager eyes and a gaping idiotism of look which might have verified to any observer that I was then (as I really was) insane. Still, after this maniac vagary, I had sufficient sense left to turn unnoticed into a rough, narrow lane, which led to the house where I had left my horse, and here being unperceived, I gave free indulgence to those feelings which had nearly suffocated me. I felt relieved, and Satan himself must, for his divertisement, have en-



dued me with that false fortitude with which I erected my carriage, and exclaimed "It is all over—and I must—I will henceforth forget her!"

Alas, how much has that visionary forgetfulness cost me! 'Tis truly an awkward thing to set about weaning the young heart—for it is a fretful and untractable babe—and so found I by my first futile endeavours to emerge forcibly from the miseries of this my first, most miserable amour. Each sport or pastime I entered into for that purpose only ended in sickening seriousness; it was like forcing laughter from the lungs, than which what is a more painful and unnatural hypocrisy? It may be supposed that these circumstances rendered me a very different person, and that they did not escape the notice of such an acute observer as Dr. Tomkins, who could at once detect the most perfect proportions of intricate circumbendibuses in mathematics, or the slightest slip in prosody: nor yet of his Phorcas-eyed sister, who knew, to the turn of a hair, the odious wishes, motives, circumstances, and expectations of every denizen in



the parish. He accordingly took especial care to inform my most particular uncle, as a secret of the undubitable and alarming fact, that I had become enamoured of Miss Alice Mansfield ; appending thereto Miss Grisselda's secret comment of my having been abruptly forbidden Mansfield Hall, on that account, by the young lady's father.

This clever discovery had a very different effect, from the generality of equally well-founded scandal—for it did me a good turn. A month scarcely having elapsed from Eliza's marriage, before a mandate arrived from my uncle, ordering me to prepare for entering myself as an undergraduate at Oxford. My exact and punctilious relative's determinations were generally like Napoleon's—executed almost as soon as formed ; and accordingly, in a few weeks, I was duly deposited in that most classically baptized college of Brazennose. It happened very fortunately for me, that at this time the Mansfields were from home, and I was thus saved the unpleasantness of a farewell call. A very few days before my departure from the parsonage, I however received



a letter, the only one, perhaps, which I shall find it necessary to transcribe into these pages ; —it was as follows :

“ My dear Sir,—No ! after what passed when we last met, this is uselessly ceremonious, affectedly cold—my dear Butler—it shall be then. Again have I commenced this letter without the difficulty of marshaling my confused thoughts being at all lessened. How many sheets have I blotted and burnt after filling them ! And this, my last attempt, is perhaps destined for the same end. Should I, however, muster resolution enough to deliver this out of my hands, I shall easily imagine the first burst of surprise which it must necessarily occasion you ; and that it may be unaccompanied by grief, is my heartfelt wish. The sole motive of my writing is to render you happy by convincing you of the impossibility of your either being so, or becoming an ornament to society, through the high talents and noble feelings you possess, unless that you resolutely subdue a passion, as vain as the pursuit of a rainbow—and forget, utterly forget, that you had ever known its innocent and



unsuspecting cause. Did not conscience tax me with having been guilty of weakness before your eyes, I had never written this; but as sincerity was the foundation of your frank avowal of love, I shall endeavour to wean you from so hopeless an infatuation by a corresponding confidence. Alas! I am but a poor writer; how can I express all and exactly what I would! What am I about to say?—You must know, then, that my beloved father's affairs have been long deeply involved, so much so, that for many years it has required all his economy and prudence to maintain himself in that circle of acquaintance to which a very old family has been accustomed. Latterly, some debts became more pressing, and it was my husband's ability, as well as inclination, to remove a portion of those incumbrances for the poor premium of gaining my hand, which rendered a ready obedience to my father's anxious wishes on the subject, an imperative duty on my part. I do not intend to insinuate, that I myself have made the smallest sacrifice. My husband loves, and is desirous to render me happy; but having told



the stern reasons of my choice, I will now confess, that had not these circumstances fixed my destiny, my affections—yes (though I tremble whilst I write the truth), my affections, Butler, were warmed in your behalf. In stifling these, I assume to myself no magnanimity—I feel that there is, in well-regulated minds, a moral influence more powerful than the most passionate love. I only venture this confession to cheer you forward in that course of honourable forgetfulness, which I shall strive to pursue.—Farewell! Thousands of miles must soon separate us, and we shall never see one another more. Go forth, therefore, into the busy world; vindicate your own talents and your own worth; and forget forever one who will oft remember your welfare in her prayers.—Farewell!

“ P. S.—My husband has had the patience to peruse these lines, and by his consent I now seal them——.”

“ Heaven! unpitying Heaven!” cried I, in a paroxysm of frenzied fury and sorrow—  
“ Eliza, then, might have been mine—was mine!” Hapless and adorable creature, whose



very virtues have mortgaged thee, like the mire of thy father's manor. This is, indeed, a reflection too horrible for any man to endure!"

Had her husband then been in the room, I believe that my unjustifiable rage and indignation would have prompted me to take his life. I regarded him as a low-spirited, unprincipled cozener, who had, in a sneaking manner, obtained possession of my whole property; and I was alike influenced by that motive as convinced of the justice of pursuing and dealing with him as an execrable villain. To such absurd extremities and the confounding of all good and evil do our unbridled passions hurry us.

Such was the conclusion of an unfortunate attachment; and I must confess that Eliza's advice, "to go forth into the busy world," was the only panacea to my disease. No one can reason himself out of what has become identified with his existence, unless it be out of that existence itself; and yet some casuists have foolishly maintained, that no one can, on calm deliberation, and sane conviction, perpetrate so heinous and pusillanimous a crime as



self-destruction. Since reason, then, is in such matters but as a worn-out magnet, it must either be laid on the shelf as much as possible, or else concentrated in some oblivion-bringing pursuits. Unfortunately, the former resource is far the easier, and mankind are vainly wont to attempt drowning care in the shallows of dissipation, rather than plunging into the depths of intellectual improvement. It must at the same time be confessed, that both means are frequently efficacious, though the former robs the heart of its finest sensibility, leaving scars like an ill-managed attack of small-pox, where abler treatment had marred no beauty.

A collegian's life has been too often and ably drawn, to permit me to attempt describing any of the passages common during a student's sojourn at Oxford, and I need only say, that like many young men similarly situated, I spent most of my time in idleness and profligacy. I did not enter into this with my eyes shut—for I was aware of the folly of such conduct, and I felt a frequent self-detestation after every new debauch ;—but to retract was,



I then felt, impossible. One thought on Eliza, and every contemplated reform ended in another complete abandonment to folly and dissipation. My uncle soon got to hear of this, and addressed me a long and severe letter of expostulation, threatening to disown and disinherit me, unless a speedy amendment was visible both in my conduct and extravagance.

These remonstrances only afforded my scapegrace acquaintances a theme for ridicule; and my enraged relation, seeing I was going in a gallop to destruction, withdrew me from the University, and, as a last attempt at reformation, intended articling me with a celebrated solicitor in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

During the time I remained with my uncle after leaving college, he scarcely ever spoke to me; and though Harrison appeared glad to see me, I treated him very distantly from pique, at his having been the means of banishing me from the roof and affections of my relative. The day at length arrived which was fixed for our having an interview with Mr. Hobbs, one of the oldest, richest, and most



intelligent solicitors in Newcastle; and we proceeded thither for that purpose on horse-back, it being Mr. Butler's favourite way of travelling.

Mr. Hobbs's abode was no *leviathan*; it was indeed one of those small tenebrious dens which Plutus has ever patronized; precisely such a gloomy little mint of business as London, Amsterdam, and other wealthy cities afford innumerable examples. The retired street in which it stood was as quiet and unstirring as the Peruvian mine, the bowels of which have been gored for gold, and deserted; and around it an eternal twilight, occasioned by smoke, prevailed. A black oak door, with a black iron knocker, on being assaulted, was smartly opened by a clean elderly footman, and we were calmly ushered into the lawyer's private business chamber. This was a small square vault (were I to call it a room, a false conception would be conveyed), rendered almost pitch dark from the dusty cob-webbed state of its solitary little window, which, like the eye of a maudlin Polypheme,



though stuck in the exact centre of his forehead, was almost useless from the glassy film of inebriety. Fronting this most inadequate aperture sat the solicitor, at a table covered with tawny-coloured parchments and bundles of tape-tied papers.

From the indistinctness of vision attending our first entry, the only thing I could discern was something like a large turnip pendant in the haze; but this I at length discovered was Mr. Hobbs's well-powdered pate, and which, saving the foolscap he was scrawling upon, was indeed the only object visible in the apartment. Whilst the iris of my uncle's eye was accommodating itself to this murky emergency, the solicitor had recognized and quitted his easy leathern chair to embrace him, pouring forth many declarations of joy at seeing him so well, and delight at receiving me, whom he was certain would be a great assistance to himself and an ornament to the office. This rapid miscellany of a salutation being ended, he pointed to a couple of high-backed chairs which now began to embody themselves



in the obscurity, like Æneas and Achates before Dido, when

————— “circumfusa repente  
“Scindit se nubes et in ætehra purgat apertum.”

By the time that I was able to discern pretty distinctly the objects around me, my uncle and his talkative agent were far gone in business, altogether unconnected with my interests, and which they little expected to find brought to a very speedy and abrupt conclusion.

What produced this, and a flood of complex feelings which I am utterly unable to describe, and shall not expatiate upon, was a large bloated black cat, which lay stretched on the top of an escrutoire, yawning and protruding his talons, as if dreaming of some murdered victim. My horror was, however, redoubled at seeing another copper-coloured wretch seated within a yard of me, rubbing and dressing its whiskers. With a struggle which nearly burst a blood-vessel, I repelled the first demoniac promptings which assailed me, but I felt them becoming gradually stronger. To with-



draw my body, nay, even my eyes, from these accursed persecutors, required an exertion of every energy—for I was fascinated with an ungovernable impulse of destructive abhorrence; but taking out my handkerchief, as if to wipe my brow which, despite the frost, was profusely covered with perspiration, I managed thus, for upwards of a minute, to hide my enemies from view—and it was truly an inexpressible relief, that I was neither spoken to nor noticed. Whilst in this state, I began to reason seriously with myself on the absurdity of my foible.—“What is there,” thought I, “in a cat to cause such awful turmoil in one’s breast? I am fond, very fond of dogs—and is not the dog as ferocious, carnivorous, and a much more formidable animal?”

It would not do;—I felt the same convulsive gulping of the throat one feels in swallowing nauseous physic, accompanied by an indescribable anxiety of mind.—“God grant I escape without some mad exhibition,” muttered I, with a sigh which was absolutely necessary for refreshing my palpitating heart.



—"I must quit the room, on pretence of sickness." This plausible determination I was on the point of executing, when, lo! I felt something rubbing itself against my legs with that soft coaxing brush which left no doubt as to the horrid cause. First I experienced the full pressure of the incarnate devil's shoulder against my calf, becoming, by harrowing gradation, less and less perceptible, till the tail flapped against me, as the beast made a turn to repeat its odious caresses. At length I heard its hum-drum purr! Gracious Providence, what were my agonies on hearing that cacophony! Trembling all over like a jelly from the hands of a pastry-cook, I drew the napkin from my eyes with the same faltering slowness that one would uncover the crimped dead clothes from the features of a dear friend—and—the horrible abomination then met my blood-shot eyes with that bland hypocritical leer cats only know how to assume. The enemy was positively betwixt my legs, evidently meditating, from its crouching position, a spring into my lap. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer; and with a spasm of



premeditated murder, I jerked together furiously my heels, which were armed with long spiked spurs—and the oppression taken from my mind—the negative happiness I experienced, on finding that I had perforated the brute's ribs on either side, cannot by my pen be communicated.

The infuriated look which accompanied this determined action, must fully have justified every suspicion of mental aberration. The instantaneous yell—the fuff—the reiterated and more piercing yell—the short, husky, and vindictive *myaw*!—had no success in melting my obdurate heart—for, with inexorable rowels I continued drilling the unlucky wretch's sides, gnashing savagely meanwhile my teeth till the carpet and my boots were disfigured with blood.

Before the astonished solicitor could quit his seat for the rescue, his sooty familiar, judiciously auguring danger to himself from the piercing cries of his carrotty companion, bolted across the escrutoire, upsetting a large pewter ink-stand first over the parchments, and then over the lawyer's snowy woollen hose.



“ He is mad ! furious ! ” exclaimed my uncle.

“ God’s me, my cat ! ” ejaculated Mr. Hobbs, seizing by its tail the yellow and white one, which now lay motionless, with turned-up eyes and pendant tongue, nearly inanimate, yet craftily simulating greater proximity to death. But the astonished limb of law had yet another disagreeable indignity to undergo ; for, relinquishing my expiring victim, I made such a sudden rush at the sooty one, which most unwisely ventured near my end of the room, that, with one kick, it flew into the tenebrious recesses of a fire-place, from whence it sprung, partially singed, overturning the fender and all its appurtenances. It then took refuge beneath a chair, with pitiful wailings and a wild glaring look.

I was instantly seized by my uncle and Mr. Hobbs, and proving refractory, the bell was rung for assistance, and I was dragged to bed by servants, clerks, and Mr. Hobbs himself, whilst a physician was instantly sent for.

It was in vain I harangued and argued that



I was perfectly sound in mind—that what had seemed madness was but a peculiar and ungovernable prejudice rooted within me against all the feline species, and which, on any opportunity offering itself, might again operate precisely as it had just done. The doctor, who had meanwhile arrived out of breath—a cadaverous stupid-looking man—with self-complacent inattention to what I said, set all my eloquence down as downright raving, and by his directions I was forcibly bled, after which my arms were secured in either a straight jacket or waistcoat—for I was never able to distinguish betwixt these lunatic habiliments. My head was next to have been blistered, but, as nothing on earth could persuade me, so no force could safely be applied to make me undergo the operation of shaving—and it was accordingly given up; but this I must partly attribute to the impression my threats and dreadful imprecations made upon the operating barber—for I told him, as distinctly as my forcible expletives admitted, that I had sufficient possession of my wits to remember



and break every bone in his carcass, if he ventured to attempt upon me any display of his manual dexterity.

I know of few situations where the mind vindicates her own importance more stoically, and yet completely, than the one in which I was now placed. To be pronounced insane by no less than three individuals, and yet to feel a perfect unwavering conviction of their arrogant misapprehension, oh! it was delightful and glorious, though in my case dearly enough purchased. It may, however, with propriety here be asked, whether I have not been all my life deranged, at least in this one particular? Should I even grant this, it cannot, on the other hand, be denied, that there scarce lives a man but has some secret or apparent failing which greatly influences his actions, and gives a complexion to his character, and which, when found in excess, must afford some argument for such a plea. If I was mad, it was an insignificant flaw in my nature which rendered me so. But how trifling an obstacle will cause the stream to change its channel—how insignificant is the



helm which governs the valuably freighted bark upon its bosom—even of such a quality do I suppose my weakness, *antipathy*, madness—call it what you choose—to have been.

But to resume my unpleasant adventure.—Having frightened the barber out of all intentions of interfering with my scalp, I became comparatively quiet; and, on my uncle's entreaties, was conveyed to the hotel where we had left our horses, though not without some opposition on the part of Mr. Hobbs, who was in sooth a hospitable, kind-hearted man.

My uncle, having seen me thus comfortably disposed of, and given many instructions to the physician, set off home, after promising to re-visit me next morning. It may be imagined, that my wrath at being thus consigned into the clutches of a medical harpy, and by him into those of a detested sick nurse, was sufficiently towering, the more so, as she had no relish for argument or eloquence, but treated all my fine speeches with sceptical grunts or positive inattention.—Strapped down securely, and somewhat se-



verely to the bed, my most forcible appeals were on behalf of liberty—that noble, spirit-stirring theme, which has warmed the dullest brain, and charmed the veriest adder ear; but all was to no purpose—I might as well have harangued the hairy nurse of Romulus or Orson. Sooner would the hag have seen me die than unbuckle my bonds.

Amongst my other strong prejudices, there is one too unjust, perhaps, to defend—but that is, an inveterate detestation of all sick nurses. I cannot help regarding them as ghouls and ravens. Like vultures, they nose afar off the dying and the dead; they live upon the offals of life—the last breathings of existence is their bread and boon—the tears of parting relatives or lovers their tea and sugar, and even their very gin.

The slip-slop sentimentalist may, if he pleases, here simper some rhapsody against all this, connected with the tender-heartedness of the sex, which induces a soothing solicitude towards us, from the cradle to the death-couch. But true as this generally may be, it has no part with respect to the flinty-hearted



sick-nurse. Her good offices and kind ministry is tact of hand, not of heart; craft and caution—not feeling. What sensibility can subsist amongst a class of wretches who, for gain, hang over the extreme weakness and anguish of mortality. With our sex—with the physician—it is otherwise. Apathy is partially pardonable in man—but a woman deficient in feeling is to me an animal of the lowest grade; and a woman (in short, a sick nurse) who can attend the dying and dispose of the dead, must rank, in my estimation, as hangmen or resurrectionists — necessary, but very odious persons.

Enough, however, of such disagreeable digressions. After delivering myself of many neatly-rounded periods of bitter reviling against my obdurate warder, I heard that deep and distant hum of an approaching multitude, which vibrates so solemnly in one's ears. It drew nearer, and at length the nurse protruded her head from the casement to satisfy her curious mind.

“What is the matter?” demanded I.

“And what the better, poor thing, will you



be for the telling?" responded she, with an assumed look and tone of compassion for my lunacy. "My eyes," continued she, "are too hazy now to distinguish things at such a distance, but I have little doubt it is no good."

The measured tread of a body of military men is soon recognisable, and as the regiment marched forwards, my curiosity was satisfied before that of the purblind attendant.

She meanwhile continued mumbling to herself in that garrulous way so common with old crones.

"Aye, a comely gentleman that on the horse; a proper looking man, though somewhat up in years—six feet four his coffin would needs be, or I have little skill—and such a spick and span new cloak, of the best blue cloth, which cost no trifle, I trow."

As she thus ran on for some time, I turned my head to count the stamens of the flowery pattern of my curtains. It had four, two long and two short, with but one tremendous pistil, and was therefore of the class *Didynamia*—



order *Monogymia*. But this was all I could make of it, for I believe Flora herself would have been puzzled to find its name.

Scarcely had I finished this interesting bed-room botany, when I heard a voice, which I well knew, enquiring after me, and which knowing so perfectly, and hearing in that place, made me doubt whether, after all, the physician and nurse were not right in considering me stark mad.

Another burning minute or two steadied my whirling brain, which was indulging in a see-saw sort of recreation, and my dear friend Alfred Wyndham stood beside me. But for the abominable straps which held me, I should have jumped out of bed, or at least bolted upright to receive him; and I could not help smiling at the look of wonder and pity he assumed on receiving no advance on my part to his outstretched hand.

“What, so ill!” exclaimed Alfred—“I did not expect this—though your uncle, whom I met, informed me of your being confined here to your room. I trust you have met no serious accident?”



“The most serious one,” replied I, “that can befall a wretched human being—the falling into the hands of an inexorable leech when in perfect health.”

Accordingly I detailed every thing that had happened, which afforded him considerable amusement mingled with concern.

“Well,” said he, after having heard my story—“I know not what may be the effects of my prescription, but liberty is, I should say, essential to your recovery — and so”—taking out his knife—“here goes at these unbecoming straps—and next at this queer and most unfashionable vest”—severing, as he spoke, the respective trammels which confined me.

Seeing this, my sick nurse, after a shrill cry of terror, hobbled down stairs quicker than her old legs had for years carried her. By the assistance of Alfred, I was soon dressed—and the many questions I had to put, and answer, soon banished all thoughts of my own misfortunes. What pleasure is there to compare with the mutual reminiscences of friendship! The soldier who fights all his battles



o'er again, does not so with more zest or enjoyment than two striplings recount all their former scrapes and rogueries. Alas ! how soon does the heart become numbed to such unburials of the joyous past. Remembrance—as it grows old, grows gloomy—and the nearer we are to the grave, the fewer flowers do we retrace on the path which has brought us there.

Our delightful conversation would have extended much longer than it did, had not my physician, Dr. Pow, stepped suddenly into the room, followed by an assistant.

“ Paracelsus preserve me ! ” exclaimed Dr. Pow, stepping back two paces, and seizing the handle of the nearly closed door—“ the deranged patient is unloosed—Samuel Beetle, secure the patient—bind the maniac patient, I say—six ounces of blood and a cathartic.”

“ Mark me, old yellow pill-box,” said I, with all the grave severity I could muster—“ if you have any respect for that wizened face—attempt no more pharmaceutical antics here. What ! have you no other means of finding sustenance for that weazel carcass,



than by juggling people out of health, liberty, and even reason? Such blood-sucking vampires should be hung up to scare away all other iniquitous practitioners."

"True," said Alfred, entering into the spirit of this banter; "and what deadly sin have you, my dear friend Butler, committed, that so extraordinary a punishment should be incurred?—Are our limbs to be sliced like cucumbers, or whipped with bandages, like fishing flies, whilst the breath he does all he can to stop still warms our miserable and maltreated flesh? Are anatomical subjects so much above par, that nothing is left for the lees of the faculty but living autopsy! Hoary villain! do you read and inwardly digest scripture, and yet thus live by unexampled murder?"—

"Or," resumed I—stopping the physician, whose fear had so far given way to fury, that his face was becoming overcast with a splendid Tyrian purple—"do you take us for gulls or daws, to be deceived by your pompous croak-garbled, dog-latin, and studied austerity of face?—Do you suppose our brains are as sod-



den as your own oily poultices—or that, because your bandy legs are thrust into black silk, we consider you a bit greater genius or prophet—or that your yellow bamboo, with its ivory head, (so like your own) is a second Aymer's wand?"—

"Bind the patient!—bind both the patients!" cried Dr. Pow, in towering wrath, beating furiously at the same time the floor with his feet and walking-staff.

"I will submit no longer to this insolence!—First of all," said I—"offer up your prayers for safety—for I vow the first who lays finger on me may regret his rashness."

"Amen!" responded Alfred, "and thou, most pedantic professor of carving, and grand compounder of trashery," continued he, "be advised, and let thy large, powdered, and respectable looking wig betake itself hence without rough handling—for I do most solemnly protest, there is not sufficient wit beneath that phalanx of starched curls to maintain its propriety of appearance, if you tarry two minutes longer."

"Offensive, ill-mannered puppy!" exclaimed



the doctor; "think not, Sir, that the rules and authority of science are to be scoffed at with impunity by any such self-sufficient libertines!—Your father, Sir, if you have one, shall be duly informed of your insolence and interference. Samuel Beetle, I say, bind the insane patient; at thy peril, Samuel Beetle, refuse to co-operate!"

Samuel—a long, thin fool—now advanced in a sort of gingerly echelon to execute this mandate, stretching cautiously forward his left arm to parry the blow which he fully expected. All his caution was, however, to no purpose, for my fist evaded his unscientific guard, and lighted so effectively on his nose, as set it instantly a-spouting. At the same instant, Alfred having first secured the doctor's bamboo, seized his wig by its tail and what with pulling it, and tripping up his legs, very soon succeeded in laying him alongside of his assistant.

The house was now in a complete uproar—for the landlord, landlady, nurse, and several servants rushed into the room, and I should certainly have been once more consigned to



my straps and straight waistcoat, but for the interference of Mr. Hobbs, who had fortunately called at this time to make enquiries after me.

To him Alfred satisfactorily explained my strong abhorrence of the feline species, as also the reason of the disturbance—and, much to the dissatisfaction of the incredulous nurse, Doctor Pow—and I have no doubt of Boniface and his rib—I was permitted to be in my mind and to proceed home, accompanied by my bail—Wyndham. On leaving the door, I felt some one pluck my sleeve, and found this liberty proceeded from my friend, the barber—who, touching his well-frizzed fore-top out of respect, said, in a sly triumphant way—"Sir, I did not shave your head, you may remember—I knew you were as wise as any of us, and much more of a gentleman."

This hint for half a crown was sufficiently intelligible, nor was it unsuccessful.



## CHAPTER VI.

“Twere an ill world, I’ll swear—for every friend,  
If distance could their union end ;—  
But love itself does far advance,  
Above the powers of time and space ;—  
It scorns such outward circumstance,  
His time’s for ever—every where his place.”

*Cowley.*

I MUST confess, that my uncle did not act with his usual sagacity and penetration when he determined on binding me to that mill-horse-paced profession, the law—for my disposition has ever proved prone to violent excitement—and I have been a martyr to change. Were my spirit visible, and pegged down, it would make



a capital psychological weathercock, showing the rapid transition of my mental moods, from the gale of passion to the zephyr of love.

Mr. Butler was much surprised on seeing me return, and it was some time before Alfred could persuade him of the possibility of my powerful prejudice against the feline race being compatible with soundness of mind. Old Jasper Harrison was, however, still more incredulous; and as my defence came from one whom he held in utter abhorrence, it was not likely to make any great impression. Nevertheless, I was taken into the house on trial, and as the establishment was only haunted by one mouser, whose sphere never extended beyond the buttery, her removal was at once decided upon during my stay—and this my uncle had already determined should be no longer than was necessary.

As Mr. Hobbs very naturally declined taking me into his office, my uncle gave me a few days to determine whether I would go into a solicitor's in London, or follow some other profession. Being a large holder of India stock, he had moreover considerable influence



with some of the Directors of the East India Company, and he took care, on this occasion, to inform me that he had been promised a cadetship whenever he chose to demand one. I did not long ponder—this settled the question. There was a chance, a probability of meeting Eliza—and without dwelling on the mockery of imagination, her bright beauty seemed to beckon me across the mighty main. I was moreover impelled by destiny—or, in plain terms, the devil—who, standing at my left elbow, his grizzly occiput bedizened with a showy gold-laced shakoe, and his arms rustling in a no less suitable dress coat, held up to my eyes an imaginary heavy rupee bag. This apparition alone was sufficiently inimical to all law lucubrations; accordingly, Coke gradually appeared to me an ass, Blackstone a driveller,—and I began to question if the Pandects had lain for ever in their original mustiness at Amalfi, whether it would not have been better for the world.

But when the insidious Satan cocked knowingly his *topee*, and gingled his heavy rupee



bag, the day was his own. In the full *æstrus* of military ardour, I upheld the soldier to be the best as well as noblest of mankind—disinterested, brave, virtuous—the only person, in fact, likely to enter the kingdom of heaven, is a soldier—ergo an officer, ergo a subaltern, ergo a cadet. What, are there no clergy who surpass your man-of-war? No, not one! thought I—your clergy, all over the world, are in some respects as like as peas. The Romish and Church of England are marrow-fats—your Presbyterians true Prussian blues, and in the Mussulmans we see the more common brown. You may tell them their caste and grade with as much precision and facility as a housemaid distinguishes stains on her carpets, and pronounces them to be caused by the tea-kettle or tabby. They grow universally oily at the expense of their followers; nor from Gath to Glasgow, from Tiber to the Houg-ho, is there a priest of my acquaintance who dealeth forth his legendary lore without being, or expecting to be, notably well paid—just as bards in former times, and



fiddlers of the present generation, are for chaunting and scraping entitled prescriptively to a dram.

And here, after revising this sheet, I begin to quail, lest some Rosycrucian virtuoso,—one who hears with his eyes, smells with his ears, and swallows music, should, like learned Sorbonnists, attempt to twist this harmless banter into a foul libel on our blessed Church. No layman can possibly be impressed with greater reverence than I have for our religion; to anticipate, therefore, any such malicious animadversions, I beg to declare they will be as senseless as unjust. Let it be borne in mind, that Swift's Tale of a Tub was wilfully misinterpreted into meanings blasphemous and disgraceful; meanings, which, if really intended, would have proved the Dean an offensive dolt, devoid of all wit and humour, which was not, I presume, exactly his character.

"Yes," said I, at first laying hold of the leaf, "I shall never be forgiven—thou must go—thou must come out, and not damn all thy brethren—better that my labour should have been thrown away—better this leaf should



light my cheroot, than that the whole book be thrown into the fire. Yet why?" continued I,—after second thoughts, and a second perusal—"No, I will not tear thee—thou shalt remain; I disavow every intention of even trifling with religion; he who cavils must therefore be rotten at heart."

I laugh at the rich benefices of the generality of churchmen—I laugh at the coat of Peter, with its silver fringes and golden pouches—I laugh at the folly of the world, which lavishes so much money in maintaining princely pastors to intercede for their souls—a custom eminently ridiculous—as the greater proportion can have no chance of salvation, if the creed they preach be true. I laugh at the world, which supposes sins by the score, are cleared away by the heartless confession of repentance, just as a schoolboy, with his thumb, wipes out a sum of long division. It is at such things as these I laugh, as well as at the many absurdities which time and imposture have gradually interwoven in webs of plain morality—not in our church, but in that of others—and if such follies and



absurdities are not fair game, then am I a trespasser and poacher. — “ But Sir,” says one, “ you certainly cast an inuendo on the cloth, in saying, ‘ From Gath to Glasgow, every priest is paid,’ &c. — I do; and pray what is that to you? — If a scribbler scurrilously blots his sheets with calumny against the principles of religion, he does harm, and ought in a Christian land to be silenced; but should he descant only on the construction and economy of chapels, the cut of a clergyman’s hat, wig, or breeches, this he has a right to do, and he may be listened to, as wisdom in reality often falls out of the mouths of sucklings.”

“ Well, Sir, how does this apply?”

“ As aptly, Sir, as pellet of pop-gun to its calibre. What are riches—what are sublunary riches in the eyes of God and his great teacher? Ought they to be of more consideration to the pastors of the elect, than the apparel wherewith they are clothed? A churchman’s money-bags should be laid up where no white ants nor cock-roaches are, nor thieves to steal—and the lily which toils not, nor spins, should be an example of dress to an eccle-



siastic. Is there, then, any thing more reprehensible in criticising the sublunary riches of churchmen, than their habiliments? It is on the other hand, at all events, even in an anti-quarian point of view, good so to do.

This book is intended for posterity—*este perpetua*, and here it shall find one lowly eulogium on the present system of church government and preferment. It shall acquaint future generations, how we have in many respects given the go-by to the Gospel. What was Paul or Peter, with all their miracles and faith, to our modern apostles in lawn and satin? They were poor and needy—did it not require a miracle on the part of our Saviour, assisted by Peter, in order to obtain a sorry shekel of silver to pay tribute? Did it not require fishing for? But now our L.L.D.'s step into treasuries instead of churches; and instead of the bible, we see a mighty ledger of their incomes. They resemble too much, I fear, the priests of Sherburn as described by the jovial Barnaby—

“ Pastor decimas cerasorum

“ Quærit plus quam animorum;

“ Certe nescio utrum mores,

“ An fortunæ meliores.”



Can this laudatory digression, then, be for an instant, reckoned as a libel on the Church?

But to resume. In this moment of military enthusiasm, I regarded the churchman, the lawyer, the physician, as three leeches, living on the rest of mankind, their common prey; and as this trio evidently live by the misfortunes of others, I considered it likely that for mutual advantage they cherish folly and foment litigation, in order that the rectifying may come ultimately into their own hands, as boys make a man of snow for the pleasure of decapitating his hoary head. There is such an immensity of selfishness in this planet, that if it be not most generally found in the Church, law, and physic, the devil himself will be puzzled where to find it.

“But your soldier!” thought I — “your soldier, is the true phoenix. He it is to whom this triumvirate owe more especially their benefices and heads. He has, alas! little emolument to tempt him to the field; fame points—honour leads the way—and patriotism plants the laurel on his brow.” In three words, I discarded law, accepted the proffered cadet-



ship, and shortly afterwards was prepared to start for London, in order to equip and dispatch. I cannot say that my grief on parting with my uncle was very insupportable, for his conduct towards me had assumed the character of indifference, if not harshness; but after I had shaken hands with him and old Jasper, and fairly taken leave, I felt fonder of them both than I had ever done. Then it was that I first experienced the real loneliness of exile. What matters it whether banishment be voluntary or no? Why this, thought I—the suicidal exile has the pleasing after-reflection, should fate interpose to afflict him, that the step he took was an act of free-will, and he can blame no one but himself; whereas the real exile can support himself in adversity with the philosophical *stimuli*, that he either does not merit his hardships, or, if he does, that he has got nothing but what his iniquitous practices deserve.

It was not much out of my way to visit Oxford, and I could not make up my mind to leave Old England without indulging in one last look at a place where I had spent so many



happy days. I did so, and on stepping afterwards into the leathern conveyance destined to bear me for ever from old Alma Mater, I assure thee, reader (forget the flippancy of my style), I shed many a bitter tear—

“ The school-boy spot,  
Which we can ne’er forget, though there we are forgot,”

has fast ties upon the tenacious heart, and they are universal, but not of so exalted a nature are they as those which entwine themselves around it at college. Of the one, delighted memory recalls, and imagination glowingly dwells upon—the trifling sports, the shirks, the skilfully evaded, or thoughtlessly incurred punishment, and the happily executed piece of roguery; but it is when the soul’s energies begin to dawn through the bedimmed mists of boyhood, that its sublimer feelings are developed. It is then that the secret thirst of rational ambition, uncontaminated by envy, fires the ripening mind—it is then that the depths of philosophy engage, and the shallows of literature delight—it is then that



every pulse beats high with hope, and honour, and joy. Taste, science, poetry, alternately enwrap the kindling faculties, and man, not totally corrupted by thoughts of avarice and self, regards his fellow-creatures with the eye of a philanthropist. It is then, too, that friendships are amalgamated, so as to be separable neither by circumstance nor time. Truly, the happiest hours are those of youth; truly they are so, because an axiom is to be found in the records of the heavens, which sayeth what the poet sings,—

“ Virtue alone is happiness below.”

Such being my thoughts, it will not excite surprise that I wept as I gradually lost sight of that venerable pile, where I had footed many a merry measure with old grumpy Time—had acquired all my little knowledge, and most of my friends:—

“ As by some tyrant’s stern command,  
A wretch forsakes his native land ;  
In foreign climes condemned to roam,  
An endless exile from his home ;



Pensive he treads the destined way,  
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow  
He stops and turns his eyes below ;  
There melting at the well-known view,  
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu."



## CHAPTER VII.

“ But in lapsed nature rooted deep,  
Blind error domineers ;  
And on fool’s errands in the dark,  
Lends out our hopes and fears.”

IMAGINE me now in London, with above a couple of hundred guineas in my pocket, my papers signed, and passage taken ; a pound of Greek, Latin, and belles-lettres in my noddle, with about the eighth part of a grain of common sense—which term I take not in the acceptance of Dr. Reid and his bevy of sense or senseless (as you please) logicians do ; but I use it as significant of an experience in the world’s ways. The word “knowing,” defined, illustrated, and peculiarly adopted by Dr.



—— is, in my humble opinion, the most expressive one in our language for those attainments, an idea of which I wish to convey to the minds of our readers.

But, heyday! I have forgotten to tell how I came to London, of which, had I proceeded much farther, it would have been too late to make mention. We all know, that in former days a trip to London from the north was a business of some importance. We also know, that many of the richest scenes in some pleasant and generally admired books have their localities on this very road; but now-a-days matters are changed, for there is seldom much fallen in with worth the romantic adventurer's attention. The ponderous waggon and powerful team which formerly were wont to drag slowly along its passengers and luggage, is superseded by our mails and rattling opposition coaches—and the once formidable freebooter, with his strong-boned pad, pistols and holsters, has now dwindled into a sneaking purloiner of Bank-note parcels. The marvellous, indeed, is becoming gradually more uncommon, as mankind is advancing in im-



provement and discovery—and by and by, when steam stages and cattle are all the go, an adventure worth noting between the Thames and Tweed, will be as rare as live post-horses.

I was much grieved to reach York, without having come across any thing worth laughing at. The inside of our conveyance was stuffed in one corner with a fat gentleman, a quaker, who slept and snored the whole way—excepting once or twice, at changing horses, when he called for a glass of brandy and water; whilst in the other corner, next the quaker, was stuck a stiff, precise looking personage, who had much the look of a methodist preacher, but was in reality a surgeon. These two worthies never opened their lips, saving when brandy and water was required,—and once when the surgeon, whom I had afterwards reason to suspect was a cow-doctor, took care to acquaint us of his having a diploma and very extensive practice. There was also on the same seat as myself a farmer's wife much addicted to snuff and loquaciousness—and with her a temporary *protégée*, in the person of a pretty country damsel, who luckily sitting between me and the snuffy old matron, proved



a more agreeable companion than any of the others could have done. She was as sweet, rosy-cheeked a girl as ever I met:—bashful, yet not over modest, and excessively like Eliza. After a little preliminary coyness, we entered into a delightfully spirited chat which lasted the whole way to York, excepting when the old lady broke in upon it with her disregarded observations.

We alighted at an inn, the name of which has escaped me. Never did ride so long appear so short, and I would willingly, for such another parley with this beauteous country girl, have gone back again the whole distance. The old lady, however, I have no doubt, differed with me; she had for the last hour been grumbling at the cold air, which she foresaw, from sad experience, would bring on her old enemy the rheumatism, and she now employed her powers of rhetoric on the waiters—in one breath upbraiding them for not having breakfast ready, and issuing orders relative to the tea-kettle and buttered toast.—By dint of the dame's scolding and exertions,



breakfast was soon prepared, and we all sat down in the travellers' room with appetites well sharpened. I remarked, that neither the rosy-cheeked country-girl, nor myself, though the youngest of the party, ate half so much toast as the old lady and quaker. I looked in her face, in order to discover the reason why she ate so little muffin and toast, but found her eyes smiling in mine, and evidently peering at me with the same intention. I turned them away somewhat disconcerted, felt a slight tremor flush over my cheek, and was just as unsatisfied as ever why we had no appetites.

I had previously determined on spending a day at York, merely to see the Minster; the fat quaker was to go on to London next day by another coach, and so was the precise surgeon. As for the snuffy duchess, she was also to remain that night at the inn, in expectation of her husband, who would arrive at York next day for the market; and the pretty country girl, who was going into the service of some family in the place, of course re-



mained with her venerable protectress. Thus, then, were we all in harbour for the time being.

Now it so fell out that the day was rainy, windy, and very cold, more so than I have often found it in wet weather. The fires of the travellers' room, and in fact of all the rooms in the ground story, were thronged by the passengers of numerous coaches, post-chaises, and idlers; and I strongly recommended to the two females (in whose good graces I had by this time ingratiated myself), the comfort of retiring to my private apartment, in which was an excellent fire, and dinner could be provided there as snug as possible. After some pressing, they accepted my proposal; and when I had given orders about dinner, we all repaired to my chamber, in which was a blazing fire.

Never did day—spite of wind and weather—pass with less dullness than this at York; never shall I forget it, or the lovely cause of its pleasantness. I did nothing but chatter to Mary (such was the name of my enslaver) of things the most childish; or if I chattered not, I listened to what trifles she had to say



with more attention than I would have bestowed on any poet or orator that ever lived.

Dinner being discussed, and tea duly administered, shortly afterwards the old lady, having given in vain many ominous hems, half-stifled coughs, and other similar hints of her wishes to retire, none of which Mary pretended to appreciate, she at length got up, and muttering her apprehensions of "rheumatics," sore throats, and catarrhs, prepared to withdraw.

I fruitlessly prayed she would stay a little longer, and implored her, at all events, not to deprive me of the company of her agreeable friend. No ! she was as inexorable as a judge of the King's Bench below.

"She would be happy, most happy, to spend another hour so delightfully as she had done the past ; but the fatigue, fear of her 'rheumatics,' and sore throats ; besides all which objections, it was getting late. Then," continued she, with a smile on her snuffy features, or, more properly speaking, with what was meant as a smile, for it bore more resemblance to the furling of a tattered main top-



sail, well tarred to prevent its rotting—"then," proceeded she, "to leave a young woman by herself with a stranger, in his own room, is, you know, too glaringly improper to be for a moment thought of. Come, come, Mary, my dear," continued she, "come child, it is getting late, and you must be weary."

An intended stress on the monosyllable "must" conveyed a mandate which it was perilous to call in question. It was as if one should have his death warrant sent him printed upon satin.

Truth, I have little doubt will shame the devil; for although I could joyfully have broken the neck of this abominable Rudas, I durst not attempt answering her argument,—and Mary, to my great mortification, was obliged reluctantly to comply.

Before letting her go, I took the liberty of imprinting one kiss upon her tender lips, and methought as I squeezed her soft hand she returned the pressure. I was whispering a few words into her ear, at which she only smiled, and would have detained the pretty girl longer,



but the sour old lady got impatient, and away they went.

Returning to the fire, I in great dudgeon seized rudely on the poker, and endeavoured to ease myself of a little spleen by thumping a large cob of coal till it broke into splinters; then I poked away furiously at the fire, threw down the poker with a great noise—stalked up and down my room—sat quickly down again—then pulled out my watch so intemperately as to jerk it against my nose—cursed it—and cursed the slow leg of Time's compasses, which requires an hour to describe the small circumference of its dial. But these and other such resources making no difference, either in its progress, or in my bad humour, I rang the bell so violently as to break the rope. The waiter instantly came flying up, expecting the house, or my bed curtains at least, to be on fire.

“Bring all last week's London papers,” said I, “and put a pint of port at the fire.”

“Yes, Sir,” said the waiter, slamming the door, and muttering something to himself, which I did not overhear.



He soon returned with a large file of papers, and the wine. I had got through half the one when the clock struck eleven; but I felt no inclination to sleep, and yet grumbled at the sluggishness of time. "Only eleven!" said I, and putting on more coals, again applied myself to the newspapers and wine. I had just finished a precious case of bribery at a contested election, and was sipping my last glass, when the venerable cathedral clock told twelve, and all the plebeian ones responded. "Tush, I will go to sleep!" exclaimed I, putting on my nightcap, and extinguishing the candles, jumped into bed.

Many people, I feel convinced, would be somnambulists, were it not for circumstances which at first sight seem trivial. The ancients were certainly more given to it than we are. Several reasons might be adduced to account for this, and not of lightest weight is the modern custom of tucking in sheets, curtains, and counterpanes. It is this sort of nightly harness that prevents many a man being found like a goblin on his scrapers in the midnight moonshine, and thence, too, (talking of goblins) the late alarming diminution of that whitefaced fraternity. Married men are less given to this practice than



bachelors, doubtlessly because their spouses, from juxta-position, often prevent their getting up without awaking one of the parties. Ladies are less frequently somnambulists, a fact which though questioned by some, is no less a fact, and one not yet satisfactorily accounted for. Whether it be their natural timidity that prevents them—their firm belief in bogles, and devils, with hoofs and tails—or simply an aversion to getting out of bed when once between the sheets, is a difficult question, and calls loudly for the attention of some learned body, such as the Aberdeen or Glasgow Universities. For my own part, I never met with but one female sleep-walker; she was liberally gifted with pock marks, bandy-legged, oderiferous in breath, and I took especial care not to disturb her slumbers. I myself am a very great somnambulist, and what is extraordinary, never walk more than twenty paces or so, at furthest, without awakening. This, I attribute to a large corn, situated on the ball of my right big toe. It is so serviceable on this account, that I would no more cut or offer it any indignity than the Cham of Tartary would his toe nails. Now this night, whether the wine had rendered



me, or the shattered state of my heart had made me little better than a walking and unwaking automaton (of which there were ample store) had feasted on me with particular barbarity, certain, at all events, it is, that I got up and sallied forth into the gallery.

It may perhaps be as well here to say, that all the bedchambers in this hostelry, like those in many others, opened into a long lobby, the doors fronting one another.

When I had wandered into this lobby, by the strangest accident in the world, I opened the second door on my right hand and advanced slowly into the centre of the apartment. At my nineteenth or twentieth step the aforementioned corn sent forth a shooting pain, and I opened my eyes in great perplexity. On these occasions my senses quickly rally, and I soon perceived, by a loud snorting, and the glimmering of a rush-light, that the chamber was some other person's. I drew warily near the bed to ascertain on whom I had trespassed, and was thunderstruck on finding it occupied by the snuffy farmer's wife and her fair companion.

The old woman snored and gurgled in her



throat, betokening deep sleep—her pretty bed-fellow, if she had been asleep, was startled from her slumbers. Man is the foot ball of fortune—the die of the devil. I was rooted : I could no more at that instant have voluntarily quitted the room, than have clapped my head under the axe of a guillotine. I fell upon my knees, and on them drew near the bed ; Mary, who was no more asleep than myself, started, and although she recognized me, neither shrieked nor fainted, as is now the fashion. Seizing her hand, soft and warm as her heart, my lips, in spite of my teeth, imprinted a kiss first on it, then on her cheek ; she tried to appear displeased, and to assume an air quite foreign to her nature—that of anger. She enquired, “ How I dared thus intrude ? ”

“ Lovely girl,” said I in as low a voice as was compatible with hearing, “ sooner than intentionally offend you I would die. No, my Mary, be not enraged ; somnambulism, a disease hereditary in our family, and brought on perhaps to-night by dreaming of your beauty, has brought me thus unconsciously



to declare myself your slave. But, forgive me," continued I more boldly and loudly, "say you forgive me."

I now swore fifteen or sixteen choice university oaths, that I was an undone man, miserable, hopelessly miserable if she slighted my affection, and prayed fervently for the eternal furnace and brimstone of perdition if I did not love her more than all the world.

Again must I exclaim, what a foot ball of fortune is man ! what folly will he not at times be guilty of ;—here did I upon my knees make a tender, to this unknown country girl of my heart and fortunes !

"However great the first may have been, Sir, the latter certainly was small—true, but the offer Sir—the offer——"

The farmer's wife now awoke with a sudden snort, and though so near as to be able to count her breathings, I durst not move ; she, however, again turned herself round, without perceiving me, and her nose was a sufficient voucher of her being fast asleep.

Mary, whose heart palpitated all this time



like the rolling of a hot egg in which is quicksilver, now pressed and entreated me to retire in case the old lady should awake and discover me, and this, after some delay and making her promise to meet me next morning at breakfast, I did.

I reached the lobby which was dimly lighted by a common oil lamp, which had been feebly fighting for upwards of an hour against consumption. This now expired ; and the very instant it did so, I heard an indescribable noise—half grunt, half groan. It was a moonshine night so as to enable me to see the whole length of the lobby, and yet nothing from which the noise could proceed was visible. I stood listening, and conjecturing what it could be : when the half grunt, half groan was repeated louder and more frequently. I was standing, thus quite at a loss, uncertain whether or no a dream was upon me, when a door opened close to me, and displayed a thin lanthorn-jawed figure, with a red night cap, and in his shirt. He started back at seeing me, and held the door nearly



shut, so that his red night cap and scraggy face were the only visible parts about him.

“Who art thou?” said he gravely.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,” replied I, buttoning my dressing gown, “your humble fellow-traveller,” for by this time I recognised in this apparition the precise looking surgeon; “pray have you not heard strange noises about the house?”

“Yes,” responded he of the night cap, “and it was to investigate their cause which brought me out of bed. Let us go together and see what is the matter. Hark!—unless some one is seriously unwell or—again! and yet it sounds like nothing earthly; more like—hush!”

We now cautiously advanced cheek by jowl along the passage till we arrived at the door of an apartment, from whence this inexplicable noise proceeded. I confess that my hand slightly shook as turning the handle of the lock, I threw open the door; and as for the doctor, his teeth chattered audibly. At first, from the moon being curtained by a cloud, we could not distinguish any thing, but this



clearing away, we saw something precisely like a large brown bear, his head resting on the back, and a paw on either arm of a large cane bottomed chair. The animal panted like a dog that has overrun himself, and his mouth was widely distended.

Neither of us felt anxious to advance a bit closer, but a minute's unbroken moonshine set all our apprehensions at rest. The imaginary bruin proving to be no one else than the fat quaker, and accordingly all our solicitude was turned into another channel, for he was apparently in the *articulo mortis*. The officious surgeon thinking that he had a quinsy, ran for his lancets; but finding on his return no symptoms of such a disease, he commenced interrogating the poor quaker, who was too ill either to attend to, or answer him. The surgeon, after some time, was thoroughly convinced either that he was poisoned, or something or other must have gone wrong in the *prima via*; and departing, he again speedily returned with a hastily compounded emetic and an enormous cow-horn for its forcible administration.



The assiduous leech deeming it quite superfluous to consult his patient's feelings in the first place, commenced the operation boldly and with despatch, whilst the sufferer (who could not speak) made sundry kicks and signs of his displeasure. The surgeon nevertheless continued his scientific pursuit; and now did honest Broad brim's indignation become highly electrified by the persevering application of his persecutor, till at length finding all remonstrance ineffectual, he in the fury of his heart grasped the unlucky practitioner by the nape of the neck, and forcing the cornucopia into his own gullet, canted the whole horrid contents partly down his *æsophagus* and every drop of the remainder into his mouth. Never was medical genius more astonished; never heretofore, did one swallow so copious a drug-draft of his own compounding.....

The first words uttered by the surgeon, after he had pushed and stamped with his feet for two or three minutes, should never appear in print; and hence the preceding constellation of pretty stars, one, which for want of Chaldean brass or skill, we shall refrain from



christening. After these two or three minutes had been spent as I have stated, he suddenly commenced an assault on the chops of the quaker ; nor did this unweildy son of long cloth refuse battle, for wielding the formidable drenching horn, he bestowed such a nervous salute on the doctor's noddle as must have caused a concussion of whatever brain it contained, notwithstanding the interposition of the flaming *Ægis* in shape of the red night cap.

A conflict dire—memorable, and well worthy the eyes of posterity must now have ensued, but for my strenuous exertions. Grasping the infuriated disciple of Hippocrates by his shirt tail, I dragged him out of the field, as dog-fanciers have a way of parting their bull-terriers ; and no sooner had I got him out of the room, than the quaker deliberately locked the door, whilst the surgeon retired to his own apartment, calling down many imprecations on his own head if he did not revenge himself terribly on the quaker.

Thus ended this adventure of the night, which originated in a severe asthmatic attack



—a complaint by which the quaker was often terribly tormented. During these fits of suffering, he was accustomed to rest his chest on the back of a chair, which he found afforded him a little relief, from that horrid sensation of suffocation attendant on the disease. The noises were of course occasioned by his gasping for breath, and it happened that he had wrapped himself in an old brown cloak, which gave him so ungracious an appearance.

Being fatigued from want of sleep, I turned in laughing at what had happened, but by ill-luck, did not awaken till ten next day. The consequence was, that Mary and her surly guardian had quitted the inn above an hour, but where they had gone no one knew. The quaker and the doctor were nearer London by thirty miles—all were dispersed, and I have never met one of them since.



## CHAPTER VIII.

“ From virtue’s rugged path to right,  
By pleasure are we brought,  
To flowery fields of wrong, and there  
Pain chides us for our fault.”

*Young.*

OF all the cities that ever cumbered God’s earth, none has yet existed more replete with abomination than London. Search the scrolls of history and cull from each their greatest deformities—add thereunto the profligacy of ancient Alexandria—the livid plague spots of the mighty Babylon—the refined debauchery of Sibarys—the frivolous dissoluteness of modern Paris—compound them all—all, and the morality of London is the result, but all in-



ferior still to that bloated original in one shade of iniquity. Something like this did I give vent to in form of a soliloquy, on reaching my lodgings about three o'clock P.M. with a slit nose, black eye, one tail of my blue coat wanting, and the other dangling, doubtful whether or no to give way.

It here behoves me to give a brief account of some primary evils which led to my returning home in this pickle, and as all my early misfortunes have been the consequence of folly, I trust, that such readers who are not like myself, old and grave, will derive profit at least from those passages in my confessions, which would prove exceptionable to being here enrolled, but for such a motive. Of the numerous allurements of our capital, none captivate the youthful fancy sooner than dramatic exhibitions. To the theatres I accordingly regularly repaired, during my short sojourn in town, and the settled gloominess of my face during a tragedy, my loud laughter and plaudits at an afterpiece, must instantly have pointed me out as a novice or country booby—one who lately



“ Rure extractus in urbe est  
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.”

One evening about the close of a very diverting performance, when I was strolling in the lobby before the curtain drew up for the last time, a rather aged praise-worthy gentleman dressed neatly in a dark coloured suit and powdered wig stepped up and stopped me.

“ I pray Sir,” said he, “ you will excuse my want of courtesey in asking if your name be Mr. Butler, late of Brazennoze ?”

On my answering in the affirmative, the old fellow with all the politeness of a *petit maître* drew back a couple of paces and making me a profound bow, whilst his face at the same instant assumed a graver cast, he thus accosted me : “ Then, Sir, you are the happiest and most serviceable of men, and as such accept my sincere congratulations.”

This was followed by another bow, in which the apex of wig was brought nearly parallel to the floor, and a reciprocal flourish of hat which he had gracefully doffed for the occasion. It may be supposed I was at a loss



to comprehend the intent of this mummery, and was on the point of begging some explanation, when the old beau, catching the button of my coat, dragged me into a corner, and after looking twice or thrice narrowly about him, spoke as follows :

“ Sir,” said he, “ I perceive that you are puzzled to conjecture what my self-introduction will lead to, and I have no doubt would be much more so, were you to try and discover the business I am commissioned to unfold. You will be surprised, Sir, at the pleasing intelligence I have the happiness of conveying to you personally.”

As the antique here made a pause, I took advantage of this hiatus to express my suitable acknowledgments ; and requested, if the tidings he was fraught with were of so pleasurable a nature, that he would lose no time in communicating them.

“ Certainly, but just ;” replied he ; and as my tidings must prove sweeter than manna in the wilderness, I will proceed straightways to the point. You know Miss Juliet Stukeley ?”

I assured my new acquaintance I had never



heard of such a divinity, upon which he assumed a look of ludicrous astonishment and incredulity; contracted his mouth so as to make it resemble the parsonage of a fowl; and drew his eyebrows nearly to the top of his monkey-visaged forehead, which, by the way, was a "villainous low one." He then, as if from indignation at my ignorance, twisted his wig a little awry, and gave vent to the word "impossible," repeating it three times, and rising gradually higher in the scale of emphasis—

"Not heard of Miss Juliet Stukeley!" at length continued he, "nay then, you must be newly arrived in this metropolis. Why, Sir, she is the moon among the planets! the guinea amongst the copper! the queen-bee amongst the drones of London—her beauty is a juster standard than the Winchester bushel, and passes for as good a proverb as ever proceeded from the sapient Solomon. But to cut short all this," said he, coming closer, and whispering in my ear, "she fixed her eyes on you to-night, and I am positive has fallen deeply in love with you. A young collegian in the box, who knows you well, told her your name, and she has



commanded me at the risk of forfeiting her esteem, to dog and discover you, and if I chuse, to introduce you. You lucky dog, I know what she means by chusing to introduce you. Nothing but an interview can satisfy her—a favour, my friend, for which many a young galliard would give up one of his ears.”

To this information, so flattering to one’s vanity, I of course returned as gallant an impromptu as possible, and declaring my satisfaction at so fortunate an adventure, I accepted the old gentleman’s arm, who volunteered to introduce me then and there to the peerless Juliet Stukeley.

My Cicerone of the powdered wig, or Sir Pandarus, as I shall henceforth call him, now ushered me into a box in which were only three persons. An elderly citizen-looking lady and Miss Stukeley occupied the front seat, whilst behind them sat a cadaverous complexioned being in black, who had much more the appearance of a curate or attorney, than a collegian. I had never seen him before, nor he me, for he took no notice of me, nor indeed did Sir Pandarus



introduce me but to Miss Stukeley and her *chaperone*, Mrs. Araby.

All Sir Pandarus' encomiums on Juliet's beauty had fallen short of its excellence ; for she was indeed pre-eminently handsome. Her small mouth, and soft Asiatic profile were faultless ; but her eyes were death ! dark, full, and dazzling, and yet when she *chose* moistly chastened. Every glance appeared to be the scintillation of a soul which could love intensely whatever were its powers, and I felt a degree of awe whilst gazing upon her, as if those scrutinizing eyes were really capable of searching the heart, and reading within its sanctuaries each unuttered motive. In short, excepting my ever hallowed Eliza, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld, and at first sight of her charms my susceptible heart yielded, and I found that I was a ruined man. But when she smiled ; when a few kind words melted mellifluously from that small oval mouth, and all the dread artillery of her eyes opened upon me, I felt as if perfect annihilation was rushing upon me ; I trembled and but for the place,



had pressed her hand to my lips and sworn myself her slave.

We were soon lost to everything but our own conversation ; and it appeared that a cousin of her's called Tytler of Oriel's, and an intimate friend of mine whilst at the university had pointed me out to her ; he had, however, unaccountably left the house, for which I was not sorry, as it left me completely in possession of my new acquaintance's conversation. The saturnine beau in black seemed to take offence at my familiarity, for he was not long of leaving the box without being at all noticed by Miss Stukeley ; and as Mrs. Araby and Sir Pandarus had fallen into a lengthy discussion about something or other, Juliet and I were left entirely to ourselves. There was a frankness and unpretending confidence about her, which rendered her manner indescribably winning ; and in the course of half an hour, I had learnt one half of her history.

All I need relate of it at present is, that her aunt Mrs. Araby with whom she dwelt, was equally poor and avaricious, proud and contemptible ; and that she had set her heart on



Sir Pandarus (who possessed precisely the same qualities) obtaining possession of her hand. She however declared that his love was far from being annoying, as she turned it to all the purposes of a footman or fool, without his shallow intellect perceiving it.

The performance now ended, and she bluntly declared she would repay the civility of my arm to her carriage by an invitation to a slight refreshment in their lodgings in Marlborough Street, (for they were only in town for a few days); and my head being half addled with ecstasy at this double honour, I stalked proudly off without venturing a look at Sir Pandarus, who I knew must feel the excruciating agonies of the justest jealousy.

The apartments were splendidly furnished : mirrors more than enough, and plate sufficient to make a Jew's mouth water; but the supper would have been tantalizing to a sportsman's appetite, it consisting only of a few dozen oysters and a lobster, so exceedingly well laid out amongst a handful of parsley, that I could not help thinking what praise it would have elicited from my late dragon, the sick nurse.



Before we sat down to demolish this spare fare, we were joined by the gentleman in black, and deserted by Mrs. Araby, who, pleading a severe headache, retired to bed. The fish were speedily settled, as also more, which was sent for ; but when we came to think of drink, lo ! nothing was there but the limpid lotion of the New River Water Works. This, of course, would never do ; and what was to be done ! for although there were many dozens of sherry, champagne, and claret in the cellar, yet the particular Mrs. Araby was in bed, and to disturb her, or even without doing so, to ask her to unlock her cellar at such an hour, would have been as useless as requesting a legacy.

“ Then let us send the footman to the nearest hotel,” was the suggestion of the gentleman in black, and which was warmly seconded by Sir Pandarus, provided that it met with Miss Stukeley’s approbation.

After some hesitation as to the propriety of this on Juliet’s part, her assent was gained, and all that was now requisite was the circulating medium. Save and except myself, only a few shillings were musterable, but I with officious



avidity claimed the honour of sending for whatever was preferred. No sooner had I made this polite offer, than Sir Pandarus, ringing the bell, and taking my purse out of my hand, ordered the lacquey to fetch two bottles of Sillery and four of Chateau-Margeaux.

This was quickly supplied, and as quickly finished, to my great surprise, though Miss Stukeley scarcely touched any of it. Another four bottles, on the same terms, entered the room, and, although I was pleased that they did not drive Juliet from our company, I was thunderstruck at the deep potations which my guests swallowed without apparently experiencing the slightest intoxication. Sir Pandarus sucked down the champagne with as little prejudice to the few faculties God had given him, as if it had been poured on a hay-rick; and the parson, attorney, or undertaker (for I never knew which he was) with an unremitting zeal which was backed by the foil of imperturbable gravity, decanted off the claret, bottle after bottle, without once allowing the symptom of a smile to mantle his mealy physiognomy.

My head was never one of the strongest,



and the decorations of the apartment soon began to *pousset* around me in fantastic vagaries; nor do I remember, very distinctly, what afterwards passed, excepting that Sir Pandarus and his friend left me with Miss Stukeley, I swearing that I would never leave one to whom I renewed over and over again, vows of eternal constancy and love.

Love is an arduous theme to handle, however skilful and experienced the pen—its refinements and ebullitions always critical; and although Homer with excusable temerity, has not disdained to describe how,

Ἡ δ' ἔειπε 'ὕψροφον θαλαμόν δια γοναίων,

yet as I can not compare myself with the peerless Paris, nor was my partner the “*Κούρη Διὸς αἰγιοχόιο*” I shall not venture to sing, or say aught that may be placed in competition with the blind Mæonides—

“Alas! alas! that ever love were sin.”

Or that Miss Stukeley had not been as cold and principled as a Penelope or Pamela!

Truly is it written in Job, as Doctor Syntax has so harmoniously paraphrased it—



“ As sparks fly upwards to the sky,  
So is man born to misery.”

How cursedly officious are fate and fortune, in fishing out the little bliss that is going on in this sublunary world, and then blasting it slap dash! Glorious Apollo! what was my horror on being aroused late next morning, from the arms of Morpheus, by an unremitting thunder at the door; yet above which, a gruff voice was heard distinctly to pronounce “ Wife! July, open the door, and don’t keep me standing here all day!”

This address was answered, not by the wife but a large parrot, who on account of his vociferation had been confined during the night in a closet of the apartment.

“ Open the door,” cried the husband.

“ Go hang, go hang,” responded the parrot.

“ Well, I’ll break open the door,” said the husband, kicking furiously.

“ A pot of beer for Polly—pretty, pretty Polly.”

“ Heavens!” ejaculated my dulcinea, who was by this time quite awakened, “ It is my



husband. O! what shall we do, we are both undone."

My only reply was a low groan, whilst my jaws dropped so, that one might have seen the very bottom of my larynx.

"Hey day!" cried Juliet loudly, as if just awakened from her sleep, "this is a pretty coil to be treated with the first thing in the morning; can you not have patience till I can unlock the door, or do you intend to break the hinges, and at the same time alarm the whole neighbourhood?"

Whilst Mr. Stukeley was making some hot reply, Juliet seized me by the arm, "Hush," whispered she, "for your life! Take up all your things quickly, and get into this closet; I will lock you in, and all will be well."

This I performed in the twinkling of an eye, to the manifold annoyance of the parrot, who hailed me with an exclamation not unlike the *τιοτιοτιξ* of Aristophanes, followed up with a "go hang, go hang." But this eloquence of his was instantly cut short by my upsetting him, perch and all, so great a



hurry was I in to ensconce myself; nor did my own fortunes permit me once to think of affording him any succour in his distress.

“Patience, love, patience,” said Juliet locking me in, “and I will open the door instantly.”

“Patience!” growled the husband, as she turned the key; “damnation! yes an hour’s waiting outside my own bed-room door is enough to try a man’s patience—humph,” here Mr. Stukeley entered. As he did so, I experienced strange commotions in my *duodenum*, and my teeth chattered like a watchman’s rattle. After some time had elapsed, during which a good deal of uninteresting conversation passed between them, I felt curious to obtain a sight of Juliet’s husband, more especially, as I had all along imagined her charms to be the legal property of no particular individual.

To manage this, by a good deal of careful wriggling and manœuvring, I eventually contrived to get my head down to the key-hole, through which I was able to see Mr. Stukeley;



nor did his appearance cause the slightest diminution of my terrors. He was a tall, stout young fellow, in a white drab great coat, with a broad brimmed hat; a cotton shawl wrapped round his neck; his legs secured in coarse leather gaiters or leggings, and in his hand a powerful black thorn stick. He seemed to have just arrived from a journey, and was altogether, in my eyes, as formidable a figure as a man so circumstanced could well meet with. Every tap he gave on the floor with his big stick as he paraded up and down the room, thrilled through my brain, and curdled my blood with apprehensions too horrible to be remembered.

Whilst I was thus warily reconnoitering the enemy, my evil genius, in the shape of the parrot, whom, as before related, I unwittingly upset from his high estate, had, during all this time, been making unsuccessful attempts to re-instate himself in his wonted pre-eminence; but my head and right shoulder, from the position in which I was cramped, were an effectual barrier between him and the object of his ambition. Now whether



the accursed bird was stung with rage, or only exerted himself with extraordinary vigour, I know not; however, as I continued with my eye applied to the key-hole, the creature pounced upon me, bit that part of the ear which anatomists call the *lobulus* clean through and through with his crooked bill; and not appeased with the agony he had already put me to, darted one of his talons directly up my right nostril, lacerating its whole lining, or *membrana pituitaria* with unprecedented barbarity.

This was more than a hundred Zenos could have borne without flinching. I grasped the harpy by the throat, kicked, yelled and snorted as if I had been upon the rack, and in a moment all was uproar. Juliet screamed—Mr. Stukeley startled up as if a scorpion had just awakened on the seat he occupied, and whilst he flourished wildly his stick as preparatory to immediate battle, the closet-door gave way, and out rolled I in my shirt, which was literally deluged with blood.

There is little doubt that the ghastliness of my appearance must have fully equalled its un-



expectedness, for I observed both husband and wife start, as if they had seen a spectre. I was otherwise too busily engaged to pay attention to the impressiveness of my entrée, but still kept compressing the parrot's throat, who now, in the agonies of death, threw his claws in all directions to the detriment of my face, but without ever opening his accursed beak.

I now got rid of this disagreeable ear-drop; and Mr. Stukeley demanded, in a peremptory manner, his face being pale with passion, "who I was? and what the devil—and when—and how the devil I got into his cupboard?"

I made some demur at answering these home thrusts, knowing the only chance of extricating myself from the scrape, in which my guilt could not be questioned, was the concealment of my name, or else a bolt for it. The latter I had an idea of attempting, although in a state of nudity, when a grasp by the collar, and a flourish of the black thorn not difficult of interpretation, banished at once every thought of the expediency of flight, and extorted from me my name, lineage, circumstances, pursuits, and prospects. All this he quickly jotted down on the



back of an old letter; and then, turning to his spouse, who sat blubbering, with her face covered in a handkerchief, he thus spoke:—

“ Shame light upon you, guilty, ungenerous woman! Is this a merited return for my kindness and my love? Have I ever, by treatment or example, deserved so trying an instance of infidelity? My days, my nights are spent in laborious exertion for the sake of supplying you alone with whatever you desire; and thus in my absence—’s blood and death!” here stamping his foot in a whirlwind of rage, “ how just,” continued he, “ would be your deserts, false, faithless wretch, if I now dashed thy brains out, (flourishing his stick) and sent this adulterous caitiff (giving me a shake) to accompany thee on thy hell-bound voyage?”

As Mr. Stukeley said this, he gnashed his teeth, and grasped me so tightly by the throat that I was afraid I should share the same fate as his parrot. To such a pitch of anger had he blown himself by the bellows of eloquence, that I was really apprehensive of being severely beaten, if not murdered. My knees, always a little approximating, smote one another; a



dew, like that of spring, oozed out of every pore, and I was on the point of falling down and supplicating him to spare my life, when, turning upon me his blood-shot eyes, he thus spoke with winged words :—

“ Do not imagine, Sir, that you shall with impunity trespass upon my honour. No ! I swear by the holy evangelists, though thou were the son of King George himself, I will hold thee up as an awful example to the profligate—a propitiation to an injured husband’s vengeance !”

Here, having no means of defence, I fell tottering on my knees, and adjured him by everything sacred, not to let fall upon me the whole measure of his indignation (of which, by the way, I feared considerably his walking stick).

“ True,” said I, “ I deserve it ; but, believe me, my injuring you was as far from my heart as the pit of darkness. Pity my inexperience and ignorance. My passage to India is taken ; do not as you may, ruin simultaneously my character and prospects.” I wound up this inco-



herent petition, by declaring, “ that I should be sincerely happy, as well as for ever beholden to him, if he would allow me to seal my penitence by any adequate reparation in my power.

Mr. Stukeley seemed much mollified by this part of my peroration, and, after a pause of thoughtfulness, softening his harshness of voice and sternness of eye, he thus answered—

“ I see,” said he “ you are but a giddy young man,—one ignorant of the dangers and villanies of the metropolis, though at first, from the irreparable wrong you have done me, I thought otherwise. From what has occurred, it is certainly much in my power to hinder your views in life, and to punish your purse, as well as character. Consider, Sir, the consequences of a *crim. con.* prosecution. But God forbid ! God forbid I should be too inflexible, too hard to deal with ! For your sake, as much as mine own, I will pass over this irremediable blow ; but these shall be the conditions : and do you (addressing his wife), listen to them with attention. I am Sir a poor man, and cannot afford a separate maintenance to this woman, although



such a step, or a divorce, is indispensable ; and but for the consideration of your character, I should prefer the latter measure. As matters are, thus must they stand : in a word, give me Sir a hundred guineas, so that this jade, this harlot (here Juliet wept bitterly) may be no longer a burden upon me, and I wipe the remembrance, both of this transaction and her for ever from my heart. But there is another condition I must and will annex, namely, that whatever may have passed this night shall never escape your lips ; for if once I hear the wounded honour of my house whispered abroad, you only can be the promulgator of my shame ; and though years roll away, I may hereafter meet you, and deeply, deeply will I revenge your breach of secrecy.”

All this I joyfully assented to, and it being near ten o'clock in the morning, after the very necessary ablutions on my part, I dressed, stuck some half dozen patches of gold beater's skin on my wounds, and accompanied by Mr. Stukeley, proceeded to the house of Coutts and Co. in the Strand, where I made over to him the hundred pieces. These he pocketed



with vast satisfaction, and we parted, mutually gratified—I at having got out of so ugly a scrape; he at having managed to shear so rich a fleece from the back of an egregious jackass.



## CHAPTER IX.

“ Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I’ll be with you at your sheep shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be enrolled, and my name put into the book of virtue.”—*Winter’s Tale*.

SHORTLY after parting thus freely with my funds, I began to suspect that I had fallen into the hands of a knot of sharpers, or at least that Mrs. Stukeley, despite all her tears and protestations, had been at the bottom of the snare. To satisfy myself on this point, I again visited the theatre, and to my surprise beheld Miss Juliet and Mrs. Araby occupying exactly the very same box they had done during my introduction; the former flirting vigorously with two or three young beaux.



With bitter internal upbraidings and shame at my unaccountable gullibility, I turned away with disgust from the door through which I had taken my observations, when whom should I meet but Sir Pandarus. He did not appear at all anxious to recognise me, but on my stepping up and catching him by the coat, he saluted me cordially and with an appearance of satisfaction. I instantly told him with a solemn look that I had something of importance to acquaint him with, and begged the pleasure of his company to supper.

“*Très-bien !*” exclaimed he, “but have you cash? (clapping his breeches pockets) for I protest I am without a *sou* having before hand fully determined on being home betimes.”

On my assuring him that I had quite sufficient to pay for supper, he without saying another syllable thrust his arm within mine, and off we marched to a tavern not very far from the former scene of our carouse. Whilst on the road I did not fail to upbraid him severely for having introduced me to Juliet as an unmarried lady, and told him every particular of my late adventure in open defiance of Mr. Stukeley’s prohibition. When



I had finished, Sir Pandarus laughed so loud and long, that every person near us in the street thought him drunk.

“As a joke, and at Juliet’s request,” said he, “I introduced you to her; but never in any other light than that of being a beauty,—and a good joke it was—and a good supper at your expense too, if I remember was the consequence—But how much did Ned—he—Mr. Stukeley I mean, spoon you out of?”

“Spoon me out of!—One hundred sovereigns in cash Sir Pandarus, was the remuneration I made him.”

“One hundred sovereigns!—is it possible! ha! ha! a hundred sovereigns remuneration? a good term—a new term—and long; but methinks you will stand in need of a longish purse, if you do not quickly eject it from your vocabulary. One hundred sovereigns re-mu-ne-ra-tion! Why a few long-legged vocables like that would ruin the Bank. Ha! ha! and yet depend upon it you mistake the value of the word; for if I recollect, Costard in the play says it is only worth three farthings. ‘Remuneration, oh,’ says he, ‘that



is the Latin for three farthings. Why it is a fairer name than the French crown."

Here Sir Pandarus indulged in another hearty cachination at my expence.

"Why, good Sir, you appear exceedingly tickled by my story, and I am at a loss to conceive why you should talk so lightly of the restitution which I made an injured husband."

"Restitution! by St. Gingo, another good expression, a racy expression! why my young friend, the cause of my merriment is simply this; that the fair Juliet, (Mrs. Stukeley I mean,) is with all due deference to your tender feelings, the most notorious jade—and yourself, perhaps, the greatest gull in London city."

I started, and it was some time before I found sufficient courage to proceed.

"As regards myself," said I, "I am silent. But pardon me Sir Pandarus, the scene which passed betwixt Mrs. Stukeley and her husband, must partially refute the imputation of her being utterly degraded; and yet when I think of her behaviour this very evening in the theatre, after my own *petit liaison*, there



are certainly no less positive proofs of her want of principle."

"O thou pre-eminently wonderful green-horn!—Husband! and did Ned, did he so perfectly impose upon you, as to make you even believe that he was Juliet's husband?"

"I don't know whom you mean by Ned; but Mr. Stukeley as I told you, came home—entered suddenly the room, and unfortunately, through the abominable poll parrot——"

"You were discovered," said Sir Pandarus, interrupting me; "ha, ha! well as I know London, this device surpasses all I have ever yet heard or seen. The man, Mr. Butler, who palmed himself upon you as Mr. Stukeley, was a sharper, and the blackguard has been lucky enough to succeed in a most barefaced imposture by Juliet's co-operation. Depend upon it, Sir, I speak nothing more than what I know, nor am I likely to deceive one so inexperienced. Juliet never was, nor is likely to be, married."

"What!" exclaimed I, the whole scheme of which I had been the dupe now opening itself to my eyes; "Juliet not married, not Mrs.



Stukeley ! Heavens ! what a dolt, what a silly beast was I to be so imposed upon ! my money all gone, from being overreached by a rascal and his infamous associate !”

“ Exactly as you say,” replied Sir Pandarus, “ and yet, knowing the parties and their abode, I have a plan in my head which comprehends both revenge and *restitution*. I think that was the last long word you used.”

“ A plan to recover me my hundred sovereigns ?”

“ Yes, if it prosper, as there is every chance of its doing.”

“ I will go through fire and water for them,” cried I, “ and be able to have a slap at that white-coated thief—a knave ! a whitened sepulchre !—yes, I’ll show him,” continued I, boasting, “ I’ll show him, in spite of his unpleasant stick—that beam which would not have disgraced the hands of a Corybates—I’ll show him what it is to swindle me !”

By such gasconading as this, and the swallowing a quantity of hot punch, I worked the barm of my bravery up to such a pitch, as leavened my soul to feats truly daring ; nor would I that instant have refused to have gone forth armed



only with a sling and a smooth pebble, and have given battle to the pseudo Mr. Stukeley and his weaver's beam.

Sir Pandarus having thrice replenished his reeking rummer, and again impressed upon my mind the unquestionable fact of my having been swindled out of the cash by artifices planned and executed by a professed pickpocket, declared his scheme of recovery to be as follows. In the first place, I was to furnish myself with the baton and costume of a constable, and provide fictitious warrants for the apprehension of Juliet Stukeley and Edward Jackson, *alias* Stukeley.

Sir Pandarus being at the same time rigged out as a grave and venerable citizen, was to conduct me to the domicile, and then, my face being disguised, he had little doubt but my baton and assumed authority would frighten them into a *restitution* of part, if not the whole of their ill-earned treasure.

This plan seemed practicable enough, and there being no time to lose as I intended starting on the morrow about four o'clock for the Lower Hope where the Indiaman, in which my



passage was taken then lay, I willingly agreed to meet my companion early next morning at the same tavern.

We accordingly started to make ready, and I betimes next morning provided myself at a pawnbroker's shop with the caduceus and every other necessary equipment of a legal Mercury, and thus apparelled proceeded with all expedition to the appointed rendezvous. Sir Pandarus was, however, there before me, arrayed in the garb of a venerable money lender, with a white beard, fabricated, as he told me, out of the tail of his son's hobby horse.

After quaffing a bottle of port, which this reverend citizen declared essential to the prosperity of our undertaking, we steered direct for the lodgings of Mr. Edward Jackson.

I knew but little of the topography of London, and though Sir Pandarus affirmed that he had taken me a short cut, he led me through so many alleys and bye-streets that I thought there never would have been any end to it. At length we arrived at the door of Mr. Jackson's lodgings, and being instantly admitted as friends on business, we were ushered by an old one-



eyed sybil, who opened the door, into a parlour in which were seated Juliet and her *soi-disant* husband.

“Now for it!” whispered Sir Pandarus, and whipping out my baton and warrant, I, without much fear of being recognised, as my features were completely disfigured with burnt cork and walnut juice, touched Mr. Edward in an authoritative manner on the shoulder, and pronouncing as naturally as possible “in the King’s name,” exhibited my warrant for his apprehension.

The only reply, however, which Mr. Jackson condescended to make was unceremonious enough, for snatching up a ponderous boot-jack, and bawling out “a bailiff! a bailiff—a bum, a bum!” he smote me so ungraciously athwart my painted visage, that I, baton, and warrant rolled from one end of the room to the other. Resistance I might certainly have expected from Mr. Jackson, nor did his vigorous defence, therefore, excite in me much surprise; but how unspeakable was my astonishment and dismay, on seeing Sir Pandarus seize on an old mopstick, and re-echoing “A bailiff, a bum—a



bum!" commence belabouring me most unmercifully. This was a thing I as little expected as Julius Cæsar did to find Brutus one of his assassins; and conscious that there was treachery in the case, I began to be fearful for my life. My rage burned particularly against the *punica fides* of Sir Pandarus, and even in this state of perplexity and prostration, the lines of Shakspeare entered my mind:

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—————"there's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust."

In a paroxysm of despair, I now snatched up a brass candlestick which providentially stood within my reach, and rushing in like a baited wild boar upon Sir Pandarus, I bestowed such a lucky salvo on his yellow chops and hobbyhorse beard, that he instantly fell as if the apoplexy had buffeted him. One of the enemy was now *hors de combat*, and had I pressed vigorously forward, the candlestick might fortuitously have vanquished the boot-jack; but how many a victory has there been lost by dilatory



measures, and from thence consequences the most disastrous arisen! See for instance the case of Pompey, who had he engaged Cæsar on his first landing in Illyria, instead of reinforcing his arms by acting long on the defensive, had probably by one decisive blow terminated the struggle — emancipated the overpressed commonwealth, and saved the lives of thousands with his own. To what must we ascribe the laurels of Waterloo, but skill and fortitude, backed by the sternest decision?

Seeing Sir Pandarus extended, with his feet resting passively on the overturned fender, and his face suffused with blood, I imagined that I had fairly done his business, and felt all the horrors of a first murder staring me in the face. I gazed for a moment upon him, and clasping my hands together in sorrowful horror, let fall my candlestick. The upshot was something like the crow parting with her cheese; for, in a twinkling the boot-jack came again into play, and a couple of well-dealt blows placed me insensible by the side of Sir Pandarus. I remember nothing more of the *mêlée*;



when restored to my senses, I found myself stretched on a couch, in the identical tavern where I had met my treacherous confidant ; my pockets were turned inside out—my watch a valuable repeater (which had been my father's) was gone ; my head ached dreadfully from the contusions it had received, and my clothes resembled more a man of straw than any christian's. Around me was a crowd of servants and waiters, with water, brandy, hartshorn, and burnt feathers, whilst a solemn physician in black declared bleeding was your only remedy in such cases. This operation he accordingly performed, and in a very clumsy manner, disguising his ignorance under the hard terms of phlebotomy, venesection, &c. ; and declaring that there was no chance of an *ecchymosis* forming under the cellular membrane.

To my enquiries as to how I had got there, the head waiter replied, that I had been discovered lying to all appearance dead, in a neighbouring lane, and was brought on a shutter to their house, it being the nearest public one ; that I had lain for nearly five minutes insensible, but the me-



dical gentleman who attended said, there was no danger; and that I only required *venesection* and a little rest.

To satisfy their curiosity which was highly roused, I in turn, gave them a brief history of my adventures and discomfiture, which afforded them much mirth, though they unanimously agreed that steps ought to be adopted for securing the whole gang of thieves, for such from my description they were well known to be. "Nothing," I said, "could give me greater satisfaction than to hear of their being delivered into the hands of justice, but it was indispensably necessary for me to return home, (weak as I was,) in order to prepare for my departure; otherwise to add to my other misfortunes I should risk losing my passage." Accordingly, notwithstanding the advice and wishes of the phlebotomist, host and servants to the contrary, I ordered a hackney coach from a neighbouring stand, and taking with me one of the waiters in order to settle the expenses incurred, I had a long adieu to the host and his myrmidons, and drove to my lodgings.

I verily believe there are some Carbon as well



as Cretan days in one's life, on which nothing can turn out prosperously—days of gloomy crosses. This was certainly one of mine; it was a Friday, and like some other great characters, I have ever since had an aversion to the day, nor ever commence if possible any undertaking of importance upon a Friday; but I repeat, that this day must have been scored with jet in the calendar of my destinies, for the jingling piece of ill-construction called a coach, with its ribs of horses, which were the only proofs I have yet seen of the possibility of total wretchedness being coupled with existence—these melancholies had not rumbled their groaning companion further than a couple of streets, before a disobedience of the tiller ropes caused it to run foul of an empty dray. The machine had stood a great deal, but this was too much for it, and it capsized—went instantly to ruin, and the horses fell, one of them never more to rise, for nature was too compassionate to rally itself again into a state of such utter misery and drudgery. Meanwhile I went spinning plump upon an oystermonger's table, which with all its paraphernalia of shells, cruets and pepper-boxes,



was in a trice demolished, nor were the extra bruises I got by this new calamity more than trifling when compared with the damage my ears sustained from the claws and curses of the splay-footed sybil, whose sacred person and tripod I thus unintentionally profaned. Though weak from the operation of phlebotomy, I managed to gather myself up, and crawled home, with the assistance of the waiter, leaving the Pythoness and modern Phaeton to accommodate matters betwixt them.

The latter I have no doubt, was obliged to sacrifice a propitiatory *ιερμν εκατομῆην* of shell-fish, for the priestess seemed inspired with a lofty idea of her peculiar rights, and not likely to permit herself to be slighted, however partially. It was after all this, as I turned into my lodgings, with my bailiffs' blue coat minus a tail, and the rest of it depending in tatters from my shoulders—my purse gutted—my gold repeater gone—my head and face broken—my bones aching with the upset and drubbing I had gotten—my ears tingling with the curses and scratches of she of the tripod—my arm stiff and bandaged from the phlebotomizer's



ancet, it was then in the fury and vexation of my spirit, that I lifted up my voice, and cursed London, and every living and creeping thing which crawleth where her "reeking, smoking, cauldron simmers."



## CHAPTER X.

“ Son, think not thy money, purse bottom to burn,  
But keep it for profit to serve thine own turn :  
A fool and his money be soon at debate,  
Which after with sorrow repents him too late.”—

*Tusser.*

ALTHOUGH faint and considerably out of humour at the doctoring I had undergone, I had still a much more bitter pill to swallow. After sleeping about thirteen hours without once waking, this was presented to me, in the reflection that saving a letter of credit for one hundred pounds on a banker in Calcutta, I had not now a farthing in the world.

I have more than once been such an ass, as



to lose all my money at play, so as to have been put to immediate inconvenience, even for a paltry sum; but never in my life felt I so awfully the want of that universal momentum (money,) as on the present occasion.

What could I possibly do? for, besides my bill to my landlady, which ought to be settled on Saturday, some expense would naturally be incurred in getting to the vessel? I had scarcely twenty-four hours to manage matters, for the ship was positively to sail on the following day, and to obtain any remittance from my uncle in that time was impossible, supposing even that he should be inclined to assist me, which I very much doubted. I then thought of pawning some of my things, forgetting on the moment, that these had already been sent on board by my outfitters. In this quandary there was but one expedient left, which was to call on the banking house from which I had obtained my letter of credit, explain my situation, and if possible obtain an advance.

This plan quieted my agitation, and as it was past bank hours for that day, I determined on putting it in execution the next; but my



horror and agitation may be guessed, when I remembered that the morrow was actually the blessed sabbath.

No sooner did this awful truth present itself, than I started up in such a fit of fury, that I was fit for letting fly some extravagant ebullition on any person or thing. George the Second used to vent his rage, and thereby wonderfully relieve himself by kicking his wigs, or Whigs, (for I have seen the words pelt both ways) and a lucky man was he to possess so agreeable a panacea for passion. I myself have found a certain indescribable solace in similar extravagance.

Nothing for instance gives me more relief than to curse emphatically, and kick (gingerly) the stone against which I have unluckily stumbled and flattened my best toe-nail; or bruised my invaluable corn, and after hurting myself with a hammer, or any other tool, I invariably dash it on the ground, as if it were capable of feeling my fury; whilst to cut down and utterly exterminate a host of nettles, by one of which I had been stung, is one of the earliest instances of inanimate revenge, which my memory can recall.



On the present occasion, the unfortunate letter of credit was the expiatory victim of my anger and chagrin. I crumpled it, twisted it, folded it, rolled it, screwed it, squared it, threw it on the floor, and then kicked it about the room with all the petulance of a spoiled nursery child ; bestowing at the same time innumerable curses on my own folly and the rascality of the wretches who had reduced me to such a dilemma. Nor blush I to say, did the blessed institution of the peaceful sabbath escape the torrent of blasphemy which rolled from my impious tongue.

After I had thus played the fool for some time, my senses returned to me ; and in much such a mood as has caused many a wretch to throw herself into the river, I took my hat, and strolled out without any design, motive or money, but merely to assuage the exacerbations of remorse by bodily motion.

I rambled about like a troubled spirit, or an industrious packman ; I was here, there, and everywhere. Sometimes I found myself pushing along at the pace of a suddenly summoned accoucheur ; and again standing for half an



hour like a bumpkin gazing at a window filled with comical caricatures, without one smile on my features, or a single apprehension in my head of having my pockets picked by any of the fools or knaves, who jostled around me.

At length I found myself in Lambeth, though God knows how I had got there, or where I had crossed the river; but there I had managed to get, and being by this time pretty well tired, I sat myself down on a bench, betwixt the river and the sacerdotal palace, and endeavoured to anatomize if I could not dispel the melancholy and grisly reflections by which I was beset.

“Pshaw!” exclaimed I, (not internally, as some good story-tellers say folks can do,) but audibly and distinctly, for there was no one by—“pshaw! why should a rational creature fret and fume so much about a little money? ’Tis trash—’tis yours—’tis mine—’tis any one’s. What profits it whether one be rich or poor, provided that the thread of life which must run out be smoothed by the few necessities of existence?—Which, as regards yesterday, is richer the beggar or the peer?—both have eaten,



both have drunk, both have slept, both perhaps, have knelt before the throne of that discriminating Deity who bestowed upon the one gold, and the other tatters, but who accompanied these boons with the decree that both are clay, and shall to clay return. *C'est égal!* Who knows but that same Providence may be the true king of the beggars, and humble as effectually those who now gorge themselves with pride and luxury, as he will honour and provide for the needy and oppressed; and yet, why should he do so, since the beggar would gladly be rich, and when so would certainly become luxurious and intolerant, and a despiser of his former order?—"Tis mysterious," continued I, "and proves either that riches and rags are on a par, or else, that things may be reversed in time to come. True happiness hinges on a proper bridling of the mind——"

Here I was cut short by a humble and hollow voice, requesting me to buy a walking stick, whilst the vender, who had stolen unperceived upon my meditations, offered me one from his little bundle.

Poverty never appears so odious and forbid-



ding, as in the eyes of one flushed with newly acquired wealth, nor so piteous as to him who has just made his acquaintance with misfortune; I have moreover, observed through life, that the poor are the most benevolent, for they have many brothers.

In another temper, or in other circumstances, I might churlishly have mantled my compassion in my bosom, and given this person who was a wretched creature a gruff refusal; but as things were, I happened to do so somewhat courteously. This emboldened him to renew his solicitations, which he finished by saying, I might have my choice for three-pence, which was as low a price as afforded him any profit. I now raised my eyes for the first time to reprimand one who was annoyingly importunate, when the wretched woe-begone appearance of the figure disarmed me entirely of all resentment. He was tall, in spite of a stoop which habit and not age had given him, and had been stout, but the flesh had fallen away from his strong bones in such a manner, that his ragged surtout evidently made for a much smaller man, was actually too large for him; for al-



though his long lank hands projected half a foot from its sleeves, the body appeared to hang upon something of the shape and thickness of a school-boys' slate. That this was occasioned more by hunger than disease was apparent to any capacity; for famine was stamped with an iron-die upon his features, which looked as if they had never known peace."

"Poor wretch!" thought I, casting my eye from this withered kernel of a man to the princely prelatical pile before me, "what fate or folly can have plunged thee thus deeply in misery?"—and whilst this and other reflections shot across my mind, the emaciated creature stood holding a cane with a look of patient anxiety for my custom.

"I have no money," said I.

He sighed, and shaking gently his head, as if doubtful of the truth of an often experienced excuse, turned away, without speaking, in a dejected but respectful manner.

"I assure you," continued I, anxious to convince him of the truth of what I said, "I have not a farthing in my pocket, otherwise I might have purchased one."



“ Well, your honour will perhaps allow me to trust you ?” said he, turning back and again presenting me with the parcel for selection, “ I feel assured that you are a gentleman, and the next time you are in this quarter may remember the trifle. I am ashamed to beg, though God knows this only means I have for getting food for a wife and family is but little better. Many a time Sir, we have hard shifts for finding a little bread.”

“ A wife and family !” replied I, assuming an indifference of manner ; “ Can they not work ?”

“ Alas, Sir, they are small children, the eldest of three being but four years old. My wife, heaven bless her ! would work her fingers off for their sake, were work to be found ; and when our affairs were a little prosperous she managed to get up a little weekly washing, but now we are become so poor that nobody will trust us with their linen—but, indeed, what can poverty expect but to be suspected and despised ? Oh, Sir, we are a wretched family !”

As the poor fellow uttered these last words, he let fall his bundle of sticks as if for the purpose of arranging them, though his real motive was to hang his head over them in such a



manner as to conceal the emotions of a broken heart.

I confess that I began to feel an interest in this poor person's history, for his grief was genuine; there being none of that canting, whining, hypocrisy, which disgusts so nauseatingly and does more than brazen-faced impudence to fasten the purse strings of the charitable. The iron of misery had not only entered his breast, but left there its indelible rust, and though I desired to gratify my curiosity I resolved not to show him that it proceeded from any feeling of compassion. How often are we ashamed of the heart's honesty! I therefore bluntly asked him whether he had always been a stick vender? "Your honour," answered he, "is, I think, the only gentleman who ever thought it worth his while to make any enquiries about such a wretched being as I am; and as my history is one of continued misfortune, I shall only tell you, that I was six years a footman in a very respectable family which must be nameless, when it was my blessing or my misfortune to fall in love with one of the young ladies. She eloped with me, and is now my wife; and if there be an angel upon earth she is one, for



although, Sir, want and distress have been her constant companions for the last five years, one word of reproach, or one regret at the fatal step which at my suggestion she took, has never escaped her lips. She is as patient as affectionate ; and you may imagine how my heart must bleed within me when I reflect, to what I have brought so kind hearted a creature, or sit and see her and her helpless babes without a sufficient meal, though I myself, unknown to them, have oft gone dinnerless to increase their store."

"Alack a day!" cried I, "how came you to fall so suddenly in the world?"

"'Tis briefly told, Sir. The first thing we did after our marriage, was to take a small farm, which I managed to stock with the savings of my wages and the little money and jewels which my wife possessed. We had not been in this three years before we were ruined; not from any extravagance or want of industry on our parts, for myself or poor wife were never idle, but a repeated failure of crops, with other bad fortune, backed by a harsh, illiberal landlord. I



then with a few pounds, (the wreck of my little fortune,) came to town, expecting to obtain a situation as coachman, but could give no reference for a character (as it may be supposed I would not refer any one to my former master), and the consequence was, that I was disappointed. We have since then sunk deeper and deeper in distress, till, as a last resource, I hawk about these sticks for a wholesale dealer, getting a half-penny profit on each one I dispose of. By this means I have, with industry and much self-denial, been as yet able to keep my family from the workhouse,—but I tire your Honour's patience—take your choice, Sir; it will give you satisfaction, and as respects the price, I feel no uneasiness."

More for the sake of being induced to return and give this unfortunate wretch a shilling, than from any fancy I had taken to his stock, I was selecting an ash plant, when I heard my name pronounced by one of three fashionably dressed young men who were passing. I immediately discovered one of these, who indeed had already come forward to embrace me, to be my



intimate college friend, Dick Foster ; and great was his surprise at finding me in such a situation.

“ Well,” said Foster, taking my arm, “ you are a pretty fellow to be in town without giving me a call, or letting me even know where you hang out ; but indeed, after writing you twice without receiving any reply, I had given you up altogether, believing that you must have left England.”

“ You had every right to think so,” answered I, “ for I hope you will never do me the injustice to attribute my silence to a want of friendship ; I have however, been involved in several disagreeable affairs, which absorbed too much of my attention from my friends ; and indeed, I may say that at this moment I am the most unfortunate of human beings—unless, perhaps, it be the miserable wretch from whom I purchased this walking-stick.”

Foster was very much surprised at this declaration, and begged I would explain myself, which I did, informing him most particularly of every misfortune which had befallen me since my arrival in town, and my present embarrassed



situation. My friend, whose spirits compared with the generality of the world were somewhat overproof, instead of pitying or condoling with me, laughed most immoderately at the narration, declaring it one of the most interesting series of adventures he had ever heard; he concluded by saying, after he had taken leave of the other gentlemen—

“I must hear every particular about this inimitable plot by which you were bamboozled out of your money, so come and take a beef steak with me, and I will endeavour to raise for you as much as will place you out of all difficulty, and take you to your ship, were she even as far as Portsmouth.”

“My dear fellow,” said I, “this is greater kindness than I had any reason to expect, and I shall never forget it.”

“Do not mention it; for the truth is, you could not have stumbled upon me in a more propitious time, for I received a few days ago a draft for a hundred and fifty pounds from Old Gospel in order to purchase a particular horse that is to be sold by auction on Monday.”



“ I beg,” cried I, “ that you will not inconvenience yourself or father on my account;” for by the irreverent appellation of Old Gospel it must be known that he meant his father, who was a fox-hunting member of the priesthood.

“ Leave that to me, Butler,” replied Foster, “ you may depend upon it I have long ago fully determined that my worthy Sire shall not see a hoof’s paring of the animal in question ; he has already enough for all his purposes, and more than what is good for his fortune or my prospects ; so, you see, when a God-send like this does fall in the way, ’twould be folly in me to refuse it, since it would otherwise find its way into the pocket of some jockey or horse dealer. But, come along, let us to our steak, and see if I cannot put you into better spirits.”

Foster of whom I shall have more to say hereafter, was as open-hearted and honourable a fellow as ever lived, and although the present appropriation of his father’s funds may place him in a different light, I was convinced (as it afterwards proved to be) that he had some justification for spending the money, and that from



his father's being a very thoughtless extravagant man, his son's allowance was probably in arrears when he had taken this opportunity of paying himself.

We now arrived at Foster's lodgings, which were in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn, where he was keeping his terms, and after an indifferent steak, we sat ourselves down to discuss a tolerable bottle of port wine, and talk over many mad college pranks, in conjunction with which we canvassed the characters of all our friends.

It was near midnight before I took my leave, but not without obtaining a loan of ten pounds from my friend, for which I gave him a draft on my uncle, making him promise to write to me, in the event of its being dishonoured: an event which I advised him was not improbable. Foster assured me that he felt no apprehension about the payment, but should be glad to keep up a correspondence with me, especially as I needs would have many adventures and wonderful things to write of during my distant travels.

Such was the fortunate meeting by which I was enabled to join my vessel, and although,



as will presently appear, there was no necessity for such hurry, still this short pecuniary privation might possibly have been the means of losing me my passage.



## CHAPTER XI.

“Whilst Thales waits the wherry that contains  
Of dissipated wealth, the small remains.”

AFTER discharging my debt to the landlady, I received a call from the boatman who had taken my luggage on board, and had orders to wait upon me that morning ; and being all ready, he shouldered my portmanteau, and off we set for the Lower Hope. The wind was favourable and fresh, and we glided down the stream amongst a labyrinth of masts, to the eye alike numberless and amazing.

“Surely,” thought I, on winding through this



liquid avenue, "it is here that a man can form the best conception of the wealth and commerce of this overgrown metropolis. What sight is there so replete with life and bustle, so wonderfully mercantile, as what the noble Thames presents from London Bridge to Blackwall?"

But such natural reflections soon gave way to others of a more melancholy cast, and as the boat (not a wherry) cut her way leisurely through the smooth water, and Babylon was lazily vanishing in her own haze, I could not help moping. I thought on the many long miles I had yet to travel over the same precarious element—the dangers and the difficulties of a foreign clime—the chance of sickness and death—of leaving one's bones ungarnished to their fathers, and baking in another world—a thought particularly odious to us all. I could not help fancying how many a generous youth had, like myself, in the heyday of his blood, and dawn of happy prospects been carried down by that same tide, to fulfil the measure of his sad destiny—to enrich, perhaps, with useless tears the insatiate deep, or been doomed by obdurate fortune or his own folly



for ever to exile, and to pour forth unavailing sighs and aspirations after his father land.

These and other gloomy reflections preyed upon my soul, and it was not until thrusting my hand into my breeches pocket, I became forcibly struck with the lightness of my purse that they were changed into a different, though, alas! not a whit more agreeable channel.

“And is this all that is left?” exclaimed I, holding up parallel to my right eye one of the few borrowed guineas which had slipped from my purse, as if purposely to remind me of my extravagance.

“Well!” continued I, “and yet thou art a steadfast friend; how many of thy brethren, like halcyon-beaked sycophants, have left me in the time of need, whilst thou hast stuck to my fortunes! But,” said I, after an impressive pause, and looking twice at the king’s head, “thou too must go the way of all flesh!”

I had barely uttered this, and returned the coin carefully into my pouch, e’er a storm burst out, which had been brewing for some time back. My boat was managed by two men,



father and son, both Scotch. The father was peppery in his temper, and domineering; his face was an affidavit of the surliness of his nature; every word he spoke was as if it had been vomited by a cynic in the most dogged of his moods; kindness was as foreign to his lips as the honey-combs of Hybla; vituperation common as the juices of his favourite mungus. If my reader bears in remembrance the illustrations of Lavater, he may have a good idea of the likeness of this northern Triton, by imagining the ugliest silhouette of a skull in the book, thatched with an abundance of whitish curled hair, and covered with a greasy highland bonnet. His son whom he apostrophized by the name of "Keily," was a lazy dirty vagabond; he had been entrusted with the guidance of the boat, but was evidently blinded by an over abundance of grog; and indeed he steered like a lubber. The father, whose face, but for its roundness would have resembled the outline of an inverted fiddle, had for a long time only expressed his disapprobation of Keily's seamanship, by moulding his features into an extra twist of scorn, and running



over the old vocabulary of curses ; but at length he ran aground a little below Greenwich Hospital, and the exasperated parent lost all the little command he had over his passions.

“Luff,” exclaimed he, in a discordant voice, squirting from his cheeks a quantity of liquor, resembling coffee in colour: “luff! luff! ye tauty headed ——luff, or I’ll fling the deevil at ye!”

The boat was now, after some luffing and exertions on the sire’s part, got off; but the old man had waxed too wroth to be easily pacified; he had been long “nursing his wrath to keep it warm,” now it overboiled.

“Ay, this comes,” continued he, stamping on an empty barrel which lay at the bottom of the boat, and returned a groan emphatically prophetic of the dire scene about to occur, “this comes, ye swine, ye muckle swine that ye are, o’ your late and early debauches—getting fou every blessed day, and spending the wages o’ a week’s wark at ae sitting in Lucky M’Glashau’s! But I’ll renounce you, I will, ye ne’er-do-well, before I see you danglin some mornin’ in your shoon afore the



Auld Beily. What ! you'll laugh at me too ! at your ain father, ye beast ! but fegs, I'll tartan your back, I will, ye kittling o' Satan !" So saying, the enraged sire laid hold of a heavy rope's end, and began lacing the unfortunate Keily's back without compunction. Now, whether the unfilial Keily was prompted to deeds of darkness by Satan himself, or whether it was only the genial cordial working valiantly within him, I will not pretend to determine ; but no sooner had he received four or five cuts, than jumping up, he caught the old man by the throat with the desperation of a parricide, and, knocking him down, they both tumbled into the bottom of the boat. She, being left to her own discretion, was tacking about in every direction, and I fearful of so terrible a catastrophe as her upsetting, left the combatants to the decision of fate, and rushed to secure the relinquished oar by which she had been guided. In my anxiety to effect this, I unfortunately put my foot on the aforementioned empty cask, which rolled, and precipitated me backwards into the water before I well knew where I was. Not more loudly than



myself howled any of the accursed of God,  
when,

“ Grasping ten thousand thunders which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls  
Infixd plagues,”

he hurled them from the Empyrean ;—never did Prometheus bound utter an exclamation more dolorous than what proceeded from me on becoming sensible of my situation. In vain did I yell ; never can I recall the sensations which flashed witheringly through my brain at that trying moment without feeling a sort of serious delirium. Unable to swim, and in the midst of a deep and rapid stream, I beheld the boat—that sole prospect of salvation—drifting rapidly away.

There are some men, I am told (though such I have not yet seen), who, when the thread of their existence however evenly spun, has yet been in one part so attenuated as to seem to their suspicious eyes, or even in reality, to be the termination of their earthly pilgrimage, have fixed their thoughts solely on sublunary things. Such can seldom be the case. I have seen the miser, the profligate, the warrior, and the phi-



lanthropist, stretched on the couch of danger or death ; but, however absorbed in worldly affairs their faculties might appear to superficial observers, the scrutinizing eye could at intervals detect their minds wandering to far other and more momentous thoughts ; it could discover the remorseful twitches of a mis-spent life, or the calm placidity of conscious virtue.

I was young when this peril befel me ; life, the dearest and yet the heaviest boon to man, had then for me all its glare ; its vistas were all lengthened and tinselled with joyous expectancy ; its preservation was the first dictate of nature ; and yet when I saw the world about to be closed for ever upon me—when I was too sure that exertion was fruitless, and that my glass had run—it was then I felt palsied by the terrors of untimely death. I found myself detected off my watch, and my head heavy with imperfections—imperfections capable of sinking me in a more awful gulph than that which yawned around me.

If such were the harrowing thoughts of one guiltless as I might then be called in comparison with the great ones, the robbers and



aggressors of the earth, bitter—bitter thought I, must be the dreadful parting of their unhallowed souls.

As this is one of the few serious passages in these pages, do not skip it over with the exclamations of “Cant” or “Balaam”—I hate both as much as yourself, but I have undertaken to record my feelings, as well as adventures. Ponder and know yourself. Luckily for me, I had on a large camlet cloak, to which I may safely attribute my preservation; this buoyed me up for a short time after my strength and presence of mind was gone, and in the mean time the father and son, hearing my drowning cries, agreed upon an armistice.

It is unnecessary to add, (for had it turned out otherwise I had never written this) that by great exertion they turned back the boat and arrived just in time to rescue me from what I had made up my mind to consider as the last of a series of misfortunes.

We gained the Lower Hope without more danger or fighting, and soon descried through wreathes of mist the vessel destined to separate me from my native land. I greeted the *νηα*



μελαιναν with anything but a welcome ; I felt for her the same affection that a criminal must have for the hurdle about to drag him to his halter ; but reflecting on the weakness, or at all events, folly of yielding to such thoughts, I in a measure banished them, nay, was prompted by a false hardihood, so that I scaled the ship's side with considerable alacrity. A scene of tumult and uproar then opened to my eyes, such as I had never before seen ; all was confusion worse confounded ; the captain, purser, and some officers sat at the cuddy table with a bag of gold before them, paying the crew their wages, whilst the quarter-deck and poop were crowded with wretches, whose looks denounced them as the very refuse of humanity. The greater proportion of these were moreover intoxicated, and on a sudden a heavy fellow reeled off the poop and fell headlong on the quarter-deck at my feet, when, without one comment or expression of compassion, but many curses, he was carried off bleeding and senseless to the surgeon.

Had I taken up my quarters in Gomorrah I could not, in the short space of five minutes,



have witnessed more brutal drunkenness and profanity.

It was some time before any one would take the trouble of answering my questions; but the steward happening to come on deck, civilly acquainted me, on being told my name, that the starboard awning cabin was the one purchased for me by my agents; and at the same time he ordered a seaman to assist Keily in stowing my baggage and swinging my cot.

Whilst this was being done, I cast my eyes around, curious to see the economy of a large vessel; but not a countenance did I observe, but what lowered with vice and brutal degradation. Sickened at the sight, as soon as my trunks were stowed, cot slung up, and the boatmen paid, I turned hastily into my cabin, and, locking the door, determined to seek a little repose, of which I stood in need. I had changed some of my wet clothes in the boat, but my limbs were frozen with cold, and I was impatient to get into the cot.

What a cursed thing is a cot! how many jadish tricks will it play you! In my hurry to get up on the near side, I like SirHudibras, lost



my balance on the other, and down I came furiously on my face. My astonishment was much greater than my hurt; "Good G—d!" exclaimed I, "if so many great and trivial disasters have already befallen me, I fear the odds are much against my planting foot on Hindostan." I thought that this was, with many others, an unquestionable omen of bad fortune; yet, remembering how Cæsar, when he fell, changed what was regarded as such into an auspicious one, by embracing the earth as if in the act of taking possession of the land, I resolved if possible, to be equally authentic in my augury; so seizing a flask of brandy, which stood very opportunely near me in a corner of my portmanteau, I before adventuring another ascent, treated myself plentifully with a dram, praying at the same time, for every thing good and prosperous as wanderer e'er befel.—"May I arrive in port without damage or detriment; may I find the climate not so hot, the squaws so black, the European damsels so white-washy, wine so dear, or fever and cholera so cheap, as I am at present led to expect; and as I have little acquaintance with any magnificoes in that



hemisphere, O may I meet some good-natured big-wig, who beneficently taking my hand, may do me many good offices."

Such were my floating thoughts as I quaffed the dram which my starved limbs rendered very acceptable, nor do I now, after subsequent reflection, think I could have formed many wiser wishes.

So many abler fools than myself have written in their first ship-letters, complete accounts of the dangers in dropping down the Thames, steering clear of the Goodwin's, and coasting to the Downs or Portsmouth, that I shall easily be pardoned skipping over this often told part of the voyage. We got to the Downs, and like many others were wind-bound for several days, and during this time the passengers had all gotten better acquainted.

The discipline of the ship too was very different from what it was when I first embarked, and in short, every thing went on smoothly and pleasantly. Our party was not so large, for a fourteen hundred ton vessel as it was agreeable; besides nine cadets, there was a detachment of king's officers, a Commandant on the Bengal



establishment, and a gentleman going to enter a mercantile house. We were all excellent friends, which of course added much to the pleasure of the voyage; nor were we less fortunate in respect to the officers of the ship; the captain, it is true, was a surly, but in the main a good fellow; so were the two chief officers and purser; and the surgeon was as really pleasant, well-informed a man as ever I met. On the whole therefore, we were happy in the constituent parts of our floating commonwealth. But I am ashamed to say, I had forgotten (though we sometimes, in a "temporary eclipse of the mind," forget what we oftenest think of) to mention three young ladies, a daughter and two nieces of the Commandant, who were the ornament and admiration of our little society.

We had been detained upwards of a week in the Downs by strong contrary winds, and in this short time were all become capitally acquainted; we accordingly one day proposed, as there was no sign of the wind changing, to go on shore, and have a last day's sport and jollification at the "Three Kings," for so they called the best inn at Deal. The captain ac-



quiesced, but advised us to keep a good look out, as the moment the wind veered he would weigh anchor.

Next day the wind blew steadily from the same quarter, and on shore the greater proportion of us went. A young captain of the King's took upon himself the stewardship, and ordered an especial good dinner to be laid precisely at four, which when ready, was to be announced by the ringing loudly of an old fire-bell, and in the mean time we dispersed in small parties through the town, devising and perfecting sundry mischievous pranks. We indeed gave a loose rein to our rogueries, considering ourselves (as you may say) belonging to another country, and knowing, whatever damage might be done, we would probably be next morning out at sea, or at all events out of reach, on board of ship.

No female in Deal however respectable, who chanced that day to take the air, but was accosted, and claimed intimate acquaintance with, by persons she had never before seen; and the shopkeepers, though accustomed to such frolics, the "departing joys" of cadets never perhaps before got so wonderful a visitation.



It would require an hundred brazen tongues to tell, or the pen of some more durable stuff than quill of goose to recount, even synoptically—these “Deal devilries :” the many houses which were unceremoniously entered ; the lips of widows, wives and servants premeditatedly assaulted ; the unfortunate apprentices of hosiers, grocers, and piemen who that day suffered castigation ; the fightings, the noises, the hallooings.

At four o’clock the old cracked fire-bell recalled the stragglers, and restored a temporary quiet to the inhabitants, as a bugle call assembles the extended skirmishers of a regiment. The dinner was good, the wines excellent, and every one in the best of spirits ; it may therefore be imagined that by the time the cloth had disappeared, uproar and noise was the general order of the night ; some would sing who never before were conscious of having a voice ; some would harangue, but none listened ; others bragged and betted ; all chattered, and joined in the general confusion.

Whilst thus exalted not drunk, when the mind is in that interesting position, on the



see-saw, betwixt positive inebriety, and elevated daring, (a position superlatively happy, if it could continue) we all separated ; part wandered about the streets, and part amused themselves in shops till supper-time, when we again agreed to assemble.

I, with another friend loitered along a well-lighted street which led I know not whither, and after our stroll, endeavoured to trace back our road to the Three Kings. This by chance, or rather sheer patience, we had at length effected, after twice circumnavigating the town, and passing thrice the door without recognising the inn ; but just as we had hit the door, and were exultingly about to enter, we heard a terrible row in a shop on the opposite side, which arrested further progress.

“Go it Billy ! go it Billy !” exclaimed one. “Twenty dollars on Moses !” cried another.—“Done, done,” resumed the first.—“Twenty on Billy !—go it Billy—that’s a rum one !—now play with your left !—a poser !—a rum poser !”

This, and more of such Doric dialect, naturally excited our curiosity, and we crossed over to see what was the matter. On entering



the shop, in which was all this hubbub, we saw three cadets, one a cavalry gentleman, with his jacket off, and handkerchief round his waist, "paying off," or rather (to use another of his own expression) he had "served out" an unfortunate fat Jew, who it appeared was the proprietor of the house.

The situation of this son of Israel was so ridiculous as to set us all a laughing; for seated or rather squatted on the floor, the perspiration ran down his face in large drops, and his panting sides worked like a pair of blacksmiths' bellows; his well saved coat was ripped the whole way up the back, and the victorious cornet still held his beard, which he ever and anon shook as one shakes a tuft of grass, to disencumber it from the mould. This feat he invariably followed up with a kick, which the Jew seemed too fatigued and chop-fallen to attempt resenting.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed a watchman, pushing through the crowd, "what is all this?—what the devil is all this disturbance?"

"This d—— thief! this liar of a Jew!" said the cornet jerking his beard—



“O my gosh!” groaned Moses, “watch—Mr. Peter Diaper, I am a murdered man. If you respect me, or the law and the prophets, knock down this robber. I will give you every ting—any ting in my shop.—O my gosh!”

“This old cheat,” continued the cornet sternly, “sold me a chain as gold,”—(producing one to which a quizzing glass was attached) “and it proves, as you may easily judge, nothing but copper gilt.”

“Give me back my money,” continued he, addressing Moses with another kick, and giving his chin such a wrench as made the tears drop from both his eyes; “give me back my sterling money, or I’ll beat every one of those rotten grinders down your lying throat!”

“Ah, by the Misnah! by the Talmud, by the God of Isaac and Jacob!” exclaimed the Jew; “I said it was *washed* with goold, not it vash goold; Oh! Mr. Peter Diaper, help—in the name of the blessed patriarchs, help!”

But although Moses would sooner have parted with every hair on his face, than a shekel from his purse, the cornet was equally



inflexible ; and now it was that the venerable guardian of the night interposed his high authority. He was clearly a retainer, if not a friend of the Israelite, and on the cadet's requesting him to take Moses into custody, he declined, alleging as his opinion, that he himself not Moses was to blame, and that it was his duty if the business was not speedily adjusted to commit the cornet for an assault and breaking of the peace.

However weighty this despotic rescript might have been in ordinary circumstances, it had very little effect on the determination of the cadet ; for he still kept possession of the Jew's beard, and was beginning to threaten the nocturnal functionary himself with signal punishment if he refused to perform his duty, when in rushed a boatman into the shop.

"Godsake ! gentlemen," said he, "where have you been all this time ? I have been hunting for you this half hour ; the wind has changed, the anchor is up, sails spread, and all the other gentlemen on board."

This threw us all aghast ; and the cavalry cadet perceiving that the recovery of his money was



now hopeless, took parting vengeance on the beard and chops of Moses ; he moreover destroyed several panes of glass, and a whole troop of nick-nacks. This was executed with such rapidity that the presence of the watchman proved unavailing, and his authority was not a little humbled by a cuff on the lower jaw which the same gentleman bestowed upon him as a parting memento. And now our passages had been irrecoverably lost, but for my presence of mind, which fortunately was here exerted. The exasperated watchman, indignant at the blow, but not willing to adventure an unequal combat, seized on that engine, more dreadful to pillars of true Corinthian order than catapulta, balista, or battering ram, "the rattle!" and myriads of wandering spirits would have quickly ministered assistance, had not I purely in self-defence, and without any malice prepense in the world, also snatched up a weapon dire, y'clept a cricket bat, and, before his hand could wield the noisy weapon, knocked him down. The enemy overthrown, I ever careful of *exuviae*, stripped him of his clamorous armour ; I next bestowed a similar salute on



the teeth of Moses, lest he should be particularly communicative of our foray ; and then, throwing down the bat, off we scampered hard as foot could carry us, as the hogs did in the parable, for the sea.

Here some disgusting delay occurred, the boatmen declaring that they would not put out unless we tipped them each a crown extra to our agreement ; but this shameful imposition we were in no situation to refuse, and making all the haste in our power pushed from the shore and steered for the ship under all the sail which the boat could carry.

Long before getting on board we saw several lights moving along the shore, which had much the same effect on our spirits, as those called warning death one's are supposed to have upon the destined sufferers ; we were not however troubled, and next morning, on awakening, we found ourselves fast losing sight of land.

There is a strong proof of the mere probationary state of this life, and the existence of a future, which no schoolman, as far as I know,



has yet hit upon—one to me of equally heavy metal as Hope concerning which philosophers squabble, and poets rave. As for instance, pray observe the Patagonian points of exclamation in the following choice morsel of Young—

“ Grief from the future borrowed peace awhile,  
The future vanished ! and the present pained !  
Strange import of unprecedented ill !  
Fall how profound ! like Lucifer’s the fall !  
Unequalled fall ! his fate without his guilt !  
From where fond Hope built her pavilion high  
The gods among, hurled headlong, hurled at once  
To-night ! to nothing ! darker still than night !  
If ’twas a dream why wake me my worst foe ?  
O for delusion ! O for error still !  
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant  
A thinking being in a world like this  
Not over rich before—now beggared quite,  
More cursed than at the fall !”

Johnson esteemed a gallop in a post chaise the greatest of pleasures; Byron perhaps had the same *penchant* for “bounding in a bark before the breeze ;” the Russian holds skating on one leg down an artificial ice hill to be a



joy passing that of train oil, women, or brandy ; whilst the aeronaut again, maintains a flight through the clouds to be above compare, the most refined, as it doubtless is, the most exalted of all enjoyments. I myself, being but a sorry cat hater, have never like Green or the hapless Blanchard, gone to the heavens like a fly on a soap bubble, leaving dull earth behind me ; nor skated on one or two legs down a hillock of ice ; nor ever that I can recollect did I even go above a canter in a post-chaise ; to adjudge therefore the palm of bliss to any of these would be in me presumption. But this I know, that formerly on days of fairs, my supreme joy was a sixpennyswing in the veriest highflyer, and this, (I from experience) once pronounced to be the acme of felicity.

Be opinions however as they may, it appears, (here come we to the argument) that they all agree in one point, namely that man is never so spiritually elevated (always saving when drunk) as he is when removed from crawling reptile-like on the crust of this ever burning world. A world which Italian sages and



French *illuminati* have at length allowed to be nothing but a huge *gool*\* which once was ready for the Devil's Hookul, and which when Satan calls for a fresh pipe may again be plumped by his head *hookulburdar*† Beelzebub into his infernal *serpoose*‡ there to crumble with other devoted portions of systems. This is a fact all important—a collateral proof of the future destiny of our race, and it assuredly is one which deserves the attention of the two afore-mentioned learned bodies Glasgow and Aberdeen, as much as my valuable hints upon somnambulism. What a splendid point ! tenable—twistable ! capable of sustaining an incalculable superstructure of erudition has here been overlooked ! Is it possible that in wars, (I never saw a war) is it possible that so many brave fellows are oft sacrificed for the sake of occupying a barn or worthless jakes, and so much ink is spilt in dispatches and gazettes, and yet such a glowing idea as this should have none to defend or

\* Fire ball.

† Servant who has charge of the pipe.

‡ Part of the hookul which holds the tobacco and fire balls.



attack it, have never produced a single challenge or duel, nor incubated like Bramah's egg, and produced a world of folio and quarto—an ocean of the life blood of enthusiasm !



## CHAPTER XII.

“ A ship is the crucible in which morals are put to the test. There the wicked degenerate more and more, and the good become better.—*Saint Pierre*.

I DO not know a better opportunity for the reader of human nature versing himself in his study than a long sea voyage : so many beings, multifarious in their ideas, education, and prospects, presenting themselves continually to his observation, renders it next to impossible for dissimulation to cloak them so carefully as not to afford some eye opening to his scrutiny. Every man's talents and character must at times appear in their true colours ; and even the superficial observer is enabled to form a pretty correct estimate of the merit of those around him. Hence the numberless little



jealousies and disputes that arise on board of ship, the lasting friendships which are cemented—yes, and often the purest love.

As these facts are sufficiently established by abler writers, I need only observe, that the greater part of our voyage was spent in nearly the same manner as all others have been. An early and substantial breakfast, succeeded by a lounge on deck, a book, a cigar, or game at back-gammon, and then another lounge, followed by a protracted devotion to the toilet, murdered time till the dinner drum beat. After this a prolonged chat, another lounge on deck, with perhaps a little dancing, argument, or whist, dispatched a few more weary hours, when supper—more an apology for a glass of grog, than a meal—and another chat, fairly finished the tedious day. Such were the almost invariable occupations of our little republic.

At sea, trifles are productive of much interest. Land—a sail dimly discerned—a shoal of flying fish—whale, shark, albatross, or stormy petrel—each affords a day's food for amusement; nor fortunately, was the monotony of our voyage



rarely broken by such auxiliary reliefs to tedium.

The first land we saw, and which excited general admiration, was the Island of San Antonio, one of the Cape de Verds. We came within sight of it during the forenoon, but even at supper, though not far off, on account of the haziness of the sky and lightness of the wind, it could be but indistinctly descried. At about half past twelve, however, the quarter-master, as I had desired him, knocked at my cabin door, which was close to the wheel, and told me to get up if I wished to see a fine sight. This I did instantly, nor were my slumbers broken for nothing. We had just approached as near the island as our course permitted, and it stood directly fronting us. Never can I forget the state of my feelings, as I sat for nearly an hour without once taking my eyes off what time and circumstances rendered a sublimer spectacle than I shall ever again behold. Lonely, lofty, and deeply furrowed by the hurricanes of ages, it raised its unclouded head, silvered by a flood of the softest and purest moonbeams.



All was still save the breeze which bore us imperceptibly along : whilst there, in the unruffled and boundless deep, stood what fancy might have deemed the throne of a spirit of the watery wilderness, the gloomy pall of its shadow extending far over the mirror at its feet. Its sides, scathed by innumerable thunderbolts, presented in many places lines and masses of impervious gloom ; whilst every towering abutment streamed with glorious effulgence. What an altar ! thought I, is here to offer sacrifice upon to the most High !—how pure—how acceptable ought the incense of adoration to be when offered on so awful a handiwork of the Creator ! How humbled must be the man of pride—how debased in soul the minion of ambition, when kneeling on that summit he turns his thoughts to Heaven ! when he sees himself encircled by a tremendous unchanging ocean, shut out from all the vices and follies of his race. What a situation for the infidel or the ravagers of the earth ! One more sublime, more awfully moral I could not possibly conceive. As my thoughts wandered to such solemn subjects a cloud slowly stole the moon, and



that was all I ever beheld of the majestic San Antonio.

The old adage which we find staring us in our grammars, of "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*," appears to every one on perusal so determined a truism—as much so as day is not night, nor man a buzzard—that, on reading the line, we are struck as forcibly with the probability of its author being an ass as we are with the infallibility of his apothegm. But the longer we live the contrary become our views of such apparent twaddlers, and from the paucity of truth and abundance of flattery, I would respect and turn an ear to the man who could gravely inform me I had a nose to my face, when I might be induced to spit in that of a toad-eater who assured me it was faultlessly aquiline. It is therefore clear to me that *truists* must be tolerated, if not patronised; and as simple truths such as mathematical axioms for instance, are the components of very intricate ones, hard of analysis, so can it never prove a waste of time to bestow one's mite of demonstration in favour of their soundness.

To give, therefore, an unhappy instance of my



text, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*" demands now our attention. I believe I may safely say there were few persons on board who took less pleasure than myself in the indulgence of wine, brandy, cherry brandy, or any other stimulant; but one evening I overstepped my usual line of prudence, and in short, disgracefully succeeded in getting very drunk. It was the anniversary of the Captain or the Captain's wife, his mother or grandmother, or somebody else's nativity, and the bottle circulated longer and more rapidly after dinner than usual. The consequence was, we were all merry; but I, though unaware of my state, was inebriated.

Beware of much drinking on board ship; being drowned you may put out of the question, for there are many other misfortunes which may befall you. Tumbling head foremost down a greasy companion ladder, or down the orlop, or even down from the poop, subject you exceedingly to the risk of damaging your head. But beware not less if in a tipsy mood of running foul of the sailors; many of them are plaguy ill-natured dogs, and may cause your bones to ache for any impertinent interference.



When thus well primed, I of course, as the custom has been from time immemorial, became a butt and tool of folly and frolic to my less intoxicated companions, and by them was incited to play off sundry practical jokes on every personage however dignified in the ship. All these succeeded beyond expectation, and without drawing down any retribution, till fate at length turned her iron scales against me.

The evening was duskish, and I had already cut down with impunity no less than five passengers with the head run,\* not to mention the important characters of purser and steward, two middies, and the assistant surgeon (a little man), the back part of whose head suffered a

\* "Cutting down with the head run," is a nautical expression for the cutting of the nettles or small cords which support the head end of the cot. "In cutting down with the head run," says Dr. Tobias Jenkinson (*vide works*, vol. 2nd, page 16), "the patient is most frequently injured on the superior angle of the os occipitis, but in several instances which have come under my observation, the squamous portions of either of the ossa temporum have been injured, the patient perhaps having been sleeping on his side at the time of the accident."



severe contusion. Emboldened by this good luck, I had the hardihood to proceed to demolish the cot of the boatswain, who was a man that had the reputation of being a gallant tar; that is to say, he was rough, ferocious, passionate, and passing excellent in the use of his nine-tailed cat. He was active too, considering his great corpulence of at least fifteen stone; moreover, (since I have begun his picture) he was short in the legs, the greater part of them being lost in Nature's benevolence of superstructure; but though bandy as short, these were perfectly capable of sustaining all this, as well as a counter-balance of abdomen. Such was the figure and spirit of the creature whose kennel I blinded by intoxication most thoughtlessly entered.

At one fell swoop, I destroyed with my knife all the lashings of his hammock, and crash came the boatswain head foremost on the deck; such may you fancy the fall of a hog's head of sugar if tumbled from the upper story of a warehouse. Luckily like Polyphe-mus, he always slept upon his back, and therefore sustained but little injury, that portion of



his carcass having, like the blubber of the whale, but little susceptibility of pain.

But who can depict his wrath on awakening to a conscientiousness of such an unprecedented indignity ! I stood for a few seconds astounded, hearing such a weight thunder on the deck, nor could I at first imagine what I had done ; but the tar springing upon his legs, and giving vent to an adjuration infinitely terrible, saluted me in a moment with such a buffet on the teeth, as brought to my mind at once all the horrid reality of the achievement. This laid me sprawling. I groaned, bellowed, and supplicated, but to no purpose ; in vain I swore I had not the slightest intention of cutting him down, and repeated over and over my willingness to make him amends.

No !——unfortunately, a broomstick, which was truly *βριζυ, μεγα, σιξαρον*, presented itself at this instant to his exasperated arm, and was in a twinkling applied to purposes of vengeance ; nor was it until I had alarmed the whole vessel by my shrieks, that the demon desisted from his flagellation. I was then carried to my cabin moaning, and literally covered with bruises, nor



did I venture to make my appearance for three or four days.

What galled me most was, the being obliged to pocket every tittle of this punishment and insult; I was likewise sure not a soul pitied me for a misfortune I had so justly deserved.

It was one evening about dusk, a few weeks after this most specific mauling, when we were going better than eight knots an hour by the log, that a seaman of the name of Jones as fine a fellow as ever stepped, fell overboard whilst taking in a reef of the main-topsail. The ship was quickly brought to—a boat lowered—the life-buoys cut away, but all in vain, the poor fellow sunk like a stone. This happened about the latitude of Madagascar one subject to storms and tornadoes, and strange to say (to us raw ones at least) a few hours afterwards as prognosticated by the seamen, it blew a tremendous gale, which they firmly believed had been brought about by the agency of Jones's spirit.

A storm at sea is without dispute, the sublimest spectacle in nature; and yet, although I truly rejoiced at this opportunity of beholding old



Ocean clothe himself in all his terrors, I would think twice, aye twice of venturing my life as Paul Véronese (was it not?) did, for the sake of indulging such a curiosity.

It is a trite remark by all who have treated of the sublime, that an extensive plain, or the becalmed ocean is from its extension alone sublime; but this as far as my own feelings go, I positively deny.

At the same time I must admit, that every man's mind is the best test of what is sublime or beautiful, provided that it can in every case discriminate betwixt them.

If it can discriminate betwixt these two qualities, it is as unnecessary to dictate or pronounce positively as to what is sublime or beautiful, as to declaim upon what colour is red, and which blue; or write an essay on the essential differences betwixt carrots and parsnips; but when the two feelings are blended together, the calm investigations of philosophers (like myself) are of service; and (to carry on the metaphor), for this same reason, that the person most experienced in colours can by careful observation, discriminate most correctly the proportions



of blue and red in a grey ; or blue and yellow in a green.

It has been observed with justice, that objects partaking of rigid regularity seldom aspire to sublimity, but always rank with the beautiful. This is true ; this is a position experience perfectly upholds, but I go a step further, and maintain, that when objects are both regularly proportioned and sublime (as is really often the case) the mind never contemplates the regularity or fitness of component parts, but gorges the whole, when a feeling of what I understand by true sublimity is produced.

Sir, Madam, Miss, if you have not long e'er this put a dog's ear, into what you may term a dry odious page—pardon me a few lines more ; depend upon it, that when the mind becomes conscious of the regularity of an object, that object can never affect it in the light of sublimity—though it certainly may appear beautiful. This may be accounted for ; beauty consists in a fitness a homogeneousness of parts to the whole ; and although we find beauty in an apparent unfitness of position or proportion, yet that seeming disorder is not so, otherwise



a first feeling of beauty could never be produced, admitting of subsequent argument. Solecistically, there is order in disorder; for real disorder can no more constitute the beautiful, than pain, pleasure. An orchestra for instance considered in disjunction is disorder, so far as every instrument differs from another in pitch and tone; yet does the mingling of the whole tones produce one simple sensation of pleasure, or as words express what we at present know, it is beautiful. A garland of flowers though composed of a diversity of colours, shades and shapes, produces the same sensation. Who but an ass that should be unworthy to browse upon the materials, could deny John Milton's description of Eden, composed of a diversity of things to be pre-eminently a paradise!

Analyse the sublimest object, and you will reduce it into what is fearful or mysterious. In a calm at sea, our view is bounded by an unfurrowed circle of a few miles—we admire the extensive glassy surface around us; but I contend we admire its beauty, not as one partaking of sublimity.

No! it is when all its strength wakes at the



tempest's trumpet call, wakes to turmoil and re-echoes with its own might that it is truly, terribly, an engine of sublimity.

Mr. Burke affirms, that a sensation of terror, or something analogous, is produced by all sublime objects; and although Blair endeavours to prove him mistaken, he has done so clumsily. "Cutting off a leg," says the Doctor, "is a terrible sight; but no one will affirm it to be a sublime one." No;—Burke, however, does not say, that terrible sights are sublime; he merely declares all sublime ones to be accompanied by a modified terror, and we cannot help granting the truth of his proposition, so far as the sublimest phenomena of nature are concerned.

No man can look down an Alpine precipice, or hang over a cataract, without involuntarily grasping their rocky barriers; no man can behold the ocean roaring and battling with the contiguous thunder clouds, and tossing its mountain billows with their incumbent fleets as shaketh the lion the locks of his mane, without experiencing a sense of terror and being struck with the fullest conviction of his



own insignificance.—In fact—what a plaguy thing for landsmen is a gale of wind ! How white do they look as crawling carefully to the top of the companion ladder they venture one brief peep at the effects of the howling hurricane ! How changed too are they in sentiment ! I observed men who during fine weather had mantled their jaws with a grin of infidel scorn at religion *in toto*, now prostrate and in prayer instead of stoically upholding the opinions which they had previously professed. One silly creature of a cadet whose barmy noddle was nigh turned with speculative fancies, and attributed every thing to *mere chance* afforded me an especial fund of entertainment. He was lying quite chop fallen in his cot, which during the violent pitchings and rollings of the vessel rendered him sometimes invisible, praying fervently but not loudly.

“ Hollo, Seigneur Philosopher !” said I, pulling a long face, “is not this a pretty scrape we have got into ?” —

“ Our Father which art in Heaven !” muttered he.



“ But—” continued I, pretending not to hear him, “ there is nothing like being prepared for the worst.”

“ Hallowed be thy name,” responded the philosopher. “ Is there no chance ?” resumed he with a faltering voice, “ is there no chance—what, none ?”

“ Why, yes,” replied I, “ all you know is *chance*.”

“ True,” said he, with some confusion, and turning up his eyes—“ all, all, is *chance*.”

“ And yet,” rejoined I, wishing to give his withers a severer wring ; “ when there is ten feet of water in the hold, bulwarks gone, and all the pumps choked, it must be allowed that the *chance* is small.”

“ Gracious Heaven !” ejaculated he, “ ten feet of water and the pumps choked ! It is then all over. O God, thy kingdom come ! thy will be done !” —

“ Amen !” responded I with an affected faltering voice.

Here the philosopher fell back in his cot with features as blue as a duck’s egg, and



clasping his hands resumed his earnest supplication to the god of chances. Next morning all was fair, and former dangers quite forgotten.

“ Pray, Mr. Butler,” says some critical matron, looking over her spectacles, “ did you not say that this dreadful gale happened near the longitude of Madagascar ?”

“ Yes, Madam.”

“ Then, Sir, you must previously have crossed the line.”

“ Certainly, Madam.”

“ Then Sir, I think it would have been better, if instead of prosing about the sublime and beautiful, you had taken some notice of the interesting ceremony attendant on crossing the equator.”

“ Indubitably, Madam; and very many thanks to your magnifiers for reminding me of circumstances which I thought I never could have forgotten.”

I am not such a fool as to put a cart before a horse without cause; it may therefore be supposed some recondite rule or reason exists for



my mentioning a storm off Madagascar before  
saying a syllable about crossing the equinoctial,  
and as Hudibras could not

“ Happen to break off  
I’ the middle of his speech or cough,

but

He had hard words ready to shew why,  
And tell what rules he did it by,

therefore Madam, find out the reason if  
you can, and if ever you glared into Aris-  
totle with those glasses of yours, authority  
may be found justifying my proceedings.  
The gods not having made me poetical, you  
would not have me rush slap dash *in medias*  
*res*, and when there, my fine frenzy failing,  
topple down headlong?—

Why, Madam, I should have shared the fate  
of Icarus, who dropped his wax for his am-  
bition; got like many others have to the line,  
before quitting the Three Kings at Deal, and  
there dropped down plumb “ ten thousand  
fathom deep.”



Now supposing me possessed with an intermittent attack of poetic furor, was it not natural, critical, agreeable to all rule and knack in producing effect to give sublimity preference to the beautiful : two things against which you seem prejudiced ?

A gale of wind, Madam, such as we experienced, with sails torn to fragments—bulwarks swept away, and masts shattered, is a sublime sight ; and I maintain Madam, spite of your quiddities, that the ceremony of crossing the line in whatever light you view the question, belongs strictly to the beautiful.

What contributes more to the beautifying of our sex than the razor, that divine instrument worthy of a lay from the boldest bard ? What, has the ignoble\* *patten* been immortalized in song, and a deity declared its patent inventor, and no minstrel yet awakened his jingling johnny for thee !

Arise, O ye laureats, and with tortoise shell comb and paper betwixt your teeth, drone forth a deathless epic, laudatory of suds, barbers, and

\* Vide Gay's Trivia.



the immortal razor. How fine a theme ! one which the hone of genius has never yet sharpened, nor the grisly beard of criticism assailed.

The evening of the day preceding that on which we crossed "earth's central line," the surgeon and I were seated on the poop in amicable discussion, when Neptune, in full regal attire, attended by his court, appeared on the forecastle, and was announced by a flourish of old bugles.

After this ceremony, the venerable monarch lifting up his voice, exclaimed :

"What, ship a-hoy!"

"The ——" answered the Captain, who stood on the quarter deck to receive his Majesty.

"I remember you well," said the god of ocean ; "and I must come on board to pay my respects to all my old friends, and claim better acquaintance with the new ones." And without waiting for any reply, he, followed by a numerous suite, proceeded from the forecastle to the gangway.



We had thus a favourable opportunity of criticising the motley costume of our visitors a description of which however, and what followed merits a peculiar chapter.



## CHAPTER XII.

“ We do not come as minding to content you,  
Our true intent is all for your delight,  
We are not here, that you should here repent you.  
The actors are at hand, and by their show,  
You shall know all that you are like to know.”

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

NEPTUNE himself was attired in what had once been costly apparel; but I grieve to say that the modern discount against kings seemed to have extended itself to the divinities, and that his toggery had suffered much from time or tide. The royal diadem was grievously tarnished by sea air—his dreadful trident was turned into a complete oxide of iron, and a gaping hole in his galligaskins bespoke a sad dearth of tailors near the line.

But notwithstanding all these little eye sores,



the god's appearance was majestic, and his look pronounced him every inch a king. Amphitrite, his beloved spouse was in deshabille; that is to say, a red striped cotton gown and crumpled leghorn bonnet crowned the goddess, and did small justice to her charms. Mercury, I suppose, had just returned from some Atlantic trip, for he was clad in the skin of a brown polar bear. The silver footed Thetis attended too, but in deep disguise; her face being protected by larger whiskers than ever adorned the features of her son. Squire Glaucus looked like a large bird of Paradise; he was caparisoned in tight leather breeches, the colour of which was scarcely discernible for the numberless tags of various coloured ribbands appending thereto; nine stringed Jack would have been unworthy to have loosed the latchet of his shoe. He, moreover, wore a coat which to mortal eyes seemed pea green, and this like his breeches was liberally laden with laces. To poetic eyes, such as Montgomery's, he would have appeared a spirit fresh from hell—I mean a tailor's with all reverence.



Besides these, there were five translated mortals not a whit less signal or consequential than their betters. Ganymede was one, but the others were *innominati*, though evidently courtiers of interest and power.

The chief *innominatus* was dressed as a physician, in a rusty black suit and snowy wig, bearing ostentatiously what modern medicals call a syringe; he must have been lately practising, for his hands were soiled with what I foolishly imagined to be pig's blood, though doubtlessly it was the *ichor* of some heavenly patient who patronized phlebotomy.

Behind this dignitary, walked two assistants, celestial apothecaries; the one bearing an immense phial or bottle of that mysterious elixir of life which all alchymists from Theophrastus, Paraclesus Bombasticus, to the twin Isaacs, yea and others after them have vainly sought for; the other a well plenished galley pot, which to compare things immortal with mortal resembled strongly the portion of a *chaise percée*.

Ganymede bore no cup of wine—his flagon occupation was lost and gone: Jupiter, perhaps,



having given him warning for daring to hand him "sack with lime in it;" but be this as it may, he was now in Neptune's employ, and his business was perhaps more manly than any other. Shaving was now his pride and glory. A razor he flourished, mighty, fearful to look upon—one to which a scymitar of Damascus would have stood no compare. To my imperfect ken I must confess that this instrument had great resemblance to the rusty hoop of a rum puncheon.

On either side of the royal barber stood two coadjutors, heavenly latherers, each flourishing in his hands a brush like to what plasterers employ, and in the left, a pail destined to contain his Highness's suds. No Bible bearer at a masonic procession, ever carried so demurely and consequentially his velvet cushion as did these twin assistants their respective pails. After silence was duly obtained, the awful deity stroked twice his venerable beard, and thus addressed our honoured commander—

"Brave British Captain! Though the affairs of mortals give us gods generally but little concern, I for mine own part am always



rejoiced at seeing a jolly h-English tar. I feel a warm interest in their welfare, and can, from h-experience, assert their superiority as seamen over every nation that ever put ship to sea. Yes, Sir, there's summut in the lads of that 'h-isle of the h-ocean which the h-exile 'ails with joyful h-emotion,' that makes them my favourites; and I am ever punctual in shewing them all the civility in my power—hem—”

Here the captain made a low bow for such marked honour to his country, during which time, Neptune like other great orators was refreshing his wits through the medium of his ears, which were applied to one of his courtiers, who acted as prompter on this ceremonious occasion.

“H-England,” continued his Majesty, “I hears, for I have never been so far north as Madeira, since a squabble I had at that d——d old fort Troy, is a real prime place, and in fact that run-about skipjack Mercury, (this god in furs, Sir, whom I take the liberty of intro-ducing) declares Lunnun to be the perfect wonder of the world. Matchless for fun,



finery, hearts of oak, girls, and grog. Grog—yes by the way mentioning grog, most gallant captain, I assure you it is a liquor I have not tasted for many a day;\* for few ships have lately come across me but lubberly Dutchmen, and they drink a wishy washy stuff, you know. So, Sir, if you can oblige us with a phlegm cutter of genuine British grog, it will be graciously received.”

The captain on receiving this broad hint as to the necessity of performing sacrifice, after returning thanks for such honour and condescension, ordered a propitiatory bucketful of that grateful beverage for the refreshment of the heavenly host.

“Good!” exclaimed the king, tossing down a copious draught, and securing another supply with much expedition. “Good! this Sir, depend upon it is the true *hambrosy*, and fittest lush for gods and heroes. Oh, *hambrosy*,” continued his Serene Highness, holding his glass up to his eye, “may you never be bestowed on the coward, the Frenchman, or the Yanky;

\* Poor Nep’s allowance had been in reality stopped, for some prank or misdemeanour.



d——n my eyes, you are too good for any but a British tar ! Fill round gemmen ;” said he, in an authoritative voice, and turning to his staff—“ a toast.”

This general order was quickly and generally obeyed, when Neptune raising his imperial crown, exclaimed—

“ Health, wealth, and prosperity, to the owners of this good ship, her captain, and h-all hands on board.”

This was drank with enthusiastic applause, and after the din of bugles, drums, fifes and fiddles had died away, our commander politely returned thanks for the signal honour he had received. Another flourish of music succeeded this, and when silence was once more restored, he of the trident again continued his harangue.

“ Gallant captain,” said he, “ from the relish we have shewn for your wet whistle (pointing to the nearly drained bucket,) you may suppose that the real motive of our boarding you was to exact an allowance. But shiver my timbers ! such is not the case ; for you Sir, are aware that it has been a custom with me ; ever since an outlandish looking tub crossed the line manned by seamen in the service of King



Solomon, if I remember to demand as a toll for safely doing so the produce of their chins, that is if they never have (as you have captain) before paid me such an oblation. I see many old faces here, and likewise many new ones ; to receive my accustomed tithes then, was the cause of my hailing you, and with your permission, I will call again to-morrow for the purpose of gathering them."

The captain bowed and gave his unqualified consent.

"Many thanks," replied Neptune, "I do not remember having been once refused a favour by your brave countrymen, and in return, I can only express my favourable wishes with assurance of protection in any adversity from the winds or waves — *quosh !*"\* and here he frowned, and made the quarter-deck ring with his omnipotent trident.

"But gemmen, pass round the remainder of the *ambrosy*, whilst Amphitrite, my queen, gives her toast, and let it be a British flowing bumper, as her toast concerns a land of liberty and trident."

\* The classical reader must perceive that "*quos*" was the significant allusion ; but the voice of the Deity was hoarse and husky.—*Editor*.



This dictate of the omnipotent was promptly obeyed.

“Jack Scraggs!” exclaimed Neptune, in a suppressed voice, addressing by such familiar epithet Glaucus, the divine, “stop you swab, and be d——d till h-Amphitrite gives the toast.”

Glaucus, who was inadvertently quaffing, stopped short, and then the queen looking proudly around her after pulling from her cheek a *limpion* of tobacco which would have astonished even a native of Lima, (although the ladies there universally use them) she repeated the following stanza—

“Here’s to old England, her grog and her navy,  
To Yankees and Frenchmen, a birth with Old Davy;  
Here’s to her beef, and the good hearted girls,  
Who keep their hearts true to the seaman that furls,  
Here’s to her king, may his joys be abiding;  
May he see all his foes get a —— good hiding.”

This being becomingly drunk and applauded, his Majesty and suite withdrew amidst another flourish of music.

Next morning betimes, Neptune again came on board in much the same state and costume, and before breakfast, preparations for the ap-



proaching ceremony had been far advanced. The principal of these were as follows—

A main top sail doubled, was so disposed by the assistance of two capstan bars and other props as to form a capacious cistern ; and this the sailors by working hard at the pumps had managed to fill, so that it was nearly five feet deep in the centre. One of the poop ladders was set against the front bar which supported the sail, and on either side of this, sat a grim latherer with his prodigious brush and sud bucket. High on a throne of royal state, and near this ladder sat Neptune ; his attendants (saving his beloved spouse) all standing ; but as usual, I have begun describing the machinery of a drama without mentioning what it cost me to be a spectator.

I must prelude this by acquainting the reader, that our worthy commander had previously told us none need suffer under the barber's razor, if disinclined to take part in the orgies ; but for insuring this, it would be necessary to keep our cabins and stand aloof from the pastime. This was but fair, and many incurious gentlemen shut themselves up, preferring to



wear at their chins an inglorious excrement—rather than witness what is but very seldom to be seen.

My cabin being one of the awning ones which command a full view of the deck, I had flattered myself on being able to witness the whole ceremony without partaking of its roughness, and it was with indescribable pleasure and anxiety I squatted myself down on a bullock trunk fronting my window, for the purpose of noting particularly every thing that passed. But alas! bad luck, my old tutelary deity dogged me as usual, even into this obscure corner; for Jemmy Ducks, the accursed Jemmy, himself a veteran voyager, spied my manœuvre, and thinking it unfair that I should enjoy so manifold an advantage, he with the malevolence of a fiend laid hold of an old sail which lay on the poop for repair, and let it fall exactly over my window.

“Confusion!” exclaimed I, grinding my teeth with rage and disappointment; “villain, remove instantly that sail, or I’ll break your skull.”

“You!” cried Jemmy, “aha! come and do so,



you'r welcome to try ; far better Sir, if you wishes to see the sport, to come out like a man and not sit moping there like a sick guinea hen."

"Oh knave, beastly knave !" rejoined I bitterly, "you shall repent this. A dollar—a couple—three dollars" seeing Jemmy was inflexible : "four dollars if you will leave, only leave that small opening."

"No demme;" was Jemmy's reply, as he leisurely tucked in the sail so as to exclude every beam of light, just as a careful house-keeper would tuck her asthmatic bachelor in the blankets. My persecutor having carefully performed this, departed to take a part in the approaching revels, leaving me to appreciate my own curses.

The things on which man's affections are most firmly fixed, are generally as trivial as the pursuit. What is more foolish (though none but the purse and brain impoverished philosopher thinks so) than a wretch putting himself to the rack, poring, fagging, sweating, groaning, —scanting nature of many necessities and all indulgence, for the baseless wish of being



deemed wiser, wittier, richer, or more foolish than his neighbours ! The soldier rams his head into a death-breathing breach for a line in the gazette, not half so conspicuous nor half so much read as one of Bentley's puffs or Warren's Blacking sonnets ; the merchant sits perched for threescore years on a lofty uneasy stool in order to take possession of his last small country residence with the reputation of having left a plumb behind him : but in all probability that plumb once a magnum bonum, becomes in the hands of the heir a green gage, and as Horace says " the wealth remains in town for the heir."

Now to compare great follies with small, my heart was on the present occasion, so intent on beholding Neptune in all his terrors, that this unlooked for vexation nearly drove me furious. Never did the soldier who has failed in his breaches, or the merchant who has departed this life a bankrupt, heave a sigh so fraught with anguish as I gave vent to on this occasion.

" Pshaw !" I heard a loud shout. " Devils and dukedoms ;" a good oath, worthy of



any ancient euphuist ; “ devils and dukedoms,” said I, “ should I loose my very scalp I will see it. Yes,” I continued, throwing off jacket, waistcoat, and slippers, “ I must see it all :” and I jumped upon deck.

The shout which thus gave the spur to my curiosity, proceeded from the minions of Neptune, and congratulatory of the little assistant surgeon who was ushered up the before mentioned ladder with much applause in order to be operated upon.

“ Doctor,” quoth the king, addressing his own physician, not the assistant : “ methinks this young man looks ill, pray examine his tongue.”

“ I should pronounce him bilious,” replied the sagacious son of Esculapius.

“ Pilius!” reiterated the monarch with considerable alarm in his looks. “ Good God! you don’t say so, then give him a bolus.”

The assistant surgeon’s eyes had been previously bandaged ; and no sooner had he opened his mouth to shew the state of his tongue, than the royal leech rammed therein an immense compound of some heavenly drug



(larger than any horse ball;) and as soon as this was performed, the two officious apothecaries seized either of his inferior maxillæ, and compressing the same superiorly laid their fellow labourer in the craft under the stern necessity of swallowing the bolus or being suffocated. The former the patient partly effected.

“Oh dear! what bungling,” cried the enraged king; “is this the way my poor patients are treated. Give him instantly a draught, or he will be choked; why he is already as black in the face as the cook in the galley; give him a potion and lotion I say.”

The bottle of the other frightened assistant was now in a twinkling applied, and a copious sup of the divine fluid demonstrated; this had a beneficial effect though contrarywise to what the faculty expected for it answered all the purposes of a violent emetic.

Whilst the passive and miserable man of medicine was rejecting this elixir at either side of his mouth, the barber drew nigh with assistants twain; the great sud brushes were then in



an instant applied, and his chin shorn by the tremendous razor.

Cupid in a fantastical dress of tar and feathers (betokening perhaps the stickiness of true, and the lightness of false love), now approached, took the patient's legs, and instantly capsized him backwards into the cistern. There Glaucus, Proteus and an unwieldy Triton received him, and in the purity of kindness bestowed upon the pitiful faced mortal a satiety of their own element.

I confess that this first specimen of the joyous revels sufficed me, and I was about to effect a cunning retreat to my den, when a ruffian let go the first furious jet of a fire engine direct in my face. I had been standing close to this machine, but was too much engaged in observing other matters, to be aware of mine own jeopardy; and such was the force of the impetuous water-work, that it almost stunned me, and I thought my eye must have been for ever extinguished. Standing thus blind and stupid, two of Neptune's nimble assistants laid hold of my hands so persuasively, that it



was impossible to escape being ushered into the royal presence.

It would be superfluous to add, that I underwent nearly the same ordeal as the assistant surgeon, but I suffered much more than he did, for some courtier in Neptune's service had evidently prejudiced me in the kingly favour. I swallowed bolus and draught, but the barber finding me not countenanced by the god, afflicted me with his dullest razor, nor could an operation for the *labia leporina* be productive of half the pain I underwent in this equatorial shaving. The tonsor moreover, clapped a handful of pomatum on my head, a substance of the consistence of pitch, and this horrid unguent afterwards laid me under the necessity of having my head shaved; but no sooner was I precipitated into the aforementioned cistern, than a portly Triton (who bore a striking resemblance to my ancient enemy the boatswain) grasped me by the neck, and kept me so long under water, that I lost all recollection. For what I know, I might have been drowned; and if memory be the sole voucher for personal identity, I cannot make



oath that I have never undergone a metempsychosis.

On recovering, I found myself stretched in my cot, and such a figure that my worthy uncle would never have recognised me; whilst poor John Hughes, a private on board who acted as my valet de chambre, was standing alongside wetting and rubbing my motley face with a large sponge.



## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me ?”

NOTHING of any consequence occurred during the rest of our voyage ; on crossing the line a second time, we were becalmed ; but after nine or ten days, we found ourselves bearing steadily up the Bay of Bengal. Shortly afterwards land was discerned ahead ; it was part of the Madras coast, near the celebrated temple of Juggàrnaut ; and the captain having ascertained the correctness of his chronometers, again stood out to sea.

This short glimpse of terra firma enlivened us all ; but when a small brig lying to ahead was pronounced by the captain to be a pilot



waiting to conduct us across the Sand Heads, we were all in ecstasies.

The pilot a man with features as yellow as those of our Sovereign on his own best coin, soon came on board. He was communicative, active, sprightly and of much ideal importance; partly in his mouth, and partly in his fist he held a cigar or cheroot, of the dimensions of a common rolling pin, and this together with a curious straw hat, black watch ribband, diamond broach and yellow silk handkerchief for a cravat, designated him as a being produced for no ordinary purposes.

A crowd quickly gathered around this amphibious personage, to which he dealt out the news of the east by wholesale. He had moreover, provided himself with files of newspapers, army lists, &c., and his pockets were soon disburdened. I was one of the lucky few who obtained a parcel of newspapers, and retired precipitately to my cabin with Dr. Jenkinson to peruse them.

After we had gone through this truss of ephemeral information, I asked the Doctor, who had just thrown down one of them with a great



“pish !” what we thought of the Indian papers ?

“I think an Indian newspaper,” said he,  
“Mr. Butler is like a soaped fiddlestick.”

“Like what ?”—demanded I.

“Like a soaped fiddlestick,” repeated Dr. Tobias Jenkinson.

“How so ?—

“Because it is useless.”

“True—so much I understand ; but how is the soapy part of your simile exemplified ? That I confess I am at a loss to comprehend”—

“Then Sir, if you will favour me with your attention, I will explain.—The public may be likened to a fiddle, and the press to the horse-hair by which it is acted upon ; now if the fiddlestick be greased by the suds of stern authority, the instrument must either be silent, or squeak discordantly. In short Sir, it is unfair to judge of the merits of an Eastern Journal, by any analogy with the right old British liberty. The one, like John Bull himself, belloseth boldly forth his opinions, strictures and surmises, and goeth terribly the oppressor as well as the underminer of our constitution ; but you,



Indian Bull Mr. Butler, is I fear, nothing better than a harmless *stot*, (mutilated by arbitrary despotism) a steer, which durst neither roar nor gore, without a comfortable assurance of being speedily consigned to the slaughter-house."

"I now perfectly understand your figurative fiddlestick; but pray Doctor Tobias, as you are more conversant with Eastern manners and policy than I am, can you acquaint me with the reasons for a free press not being permitted in this country?"

Here the Doctor, after helping himself to a pinch of Strasburg, and passing his box, responded "Yes;" both knowingly and emphatically. "I know one reason," continued he, "which is the same silly one that has heretofore always been adduced, namely that as we have the tenure of this mighty Empire by a very slight preponderance of the balance, the rude breaths of seditious gazeteers might turn the scale against us."

"Are you acquainted with no other reason?"

"None, but this, which I take to be a hair plucked from the sametail—that the eyes of the



native population might at length be opened to the humbuggery by which we keep them in subjection."

"And do you, Dr. Toby, think these reasons of sufficient cogency? Do you think that by such measures we ensure a better chance of retaining our Eastern possessions?"—

"You bluntly interrogate me on matters which wiser heads have already decided in contradiction to my sentiments; why therefore should I expose myself by venturing to impugn them, and thereby expose myself?"

"Expose!" cried I, "not a bit, Dr. Toby, not a bit; we ought to take for granted no *ipse dixit*, not even of the wisest without analysing their arguments. The most knowing are usually the most stubborn in admitting that they are mistaken; and surely a measure may by ill-digested counsel, be carried hastily into execution, which obstinate pride may cause to be upheld. This I believe will be found to obtain in every department of science; but proceed—I prithee proceed."

"You speak wisely," resumed the Doctor, "and betwixt ourselves, if it even be lawful to



broach such subjects in private, I see little danger which can accrue to our Eastern conquests by a free press being established. If there were any danger, the impolicy of the measure would be palpable; but on the contrary, much evil is produced by its being withheld. It is a bad government, and a bad cause, which requires for its safety or justification strict silence. I hate the look of a reserved gloomy man, and seldom augur much good concerning him; but of a reserved administration, I am doubly so!"

"Good, Dr. Toby, very good!"

"If a form of government Mr. Butler, be really excellent and well-conducted, the tongue of the press can but eulogise its merits, and this it must do, even when maliciously condemning what is intrinsically good. Should the press falsely slander, government has its own remedy; should it differ only in sentiment, and that from principles of conviction, not of contumacy, the people will judge by their own feelings and experience, and doubly admire that form of rule which they find conducive to their happiness. Whenever the press grossly scandalizes justice



and common sense, it must burst like a bloated toad, from the effects of its own poison."

"But suppose Dr. Toby, that the body of the people have not sense enough to judge wisely ; and being prone to change, as all mankind are, what must then ensue, by having their latent passions blown into a flame, by the votaries of anarchy and sedition ?"

"Change," replied the Doctor, "true, mankind delight in change to a certain extent, because it is the primary ingredient of every enjoyment ; but few are pleased with any very extraordinary one. Would not however, this passion exist whether there was a free press or no ? You will reply, that the press might incite this love of change into actions productive of evil. For argument's sake, I will grant this ; but can you deny that there is not as fair a probability of its results being good ? Yes ; and I will maintain, that eventually they must be so ; for I would boldly assert, that whatever changes effected by European influence and communication in India may occur, good results will eventually preponderate ; no matter how effected, by a free press or otherwise."



“Remember my dear Sir, that we are now daily endeavouring to change, not only their ideas, but to overturn a religious idolatry, more ancient than all the nations of the north. But putting this out of the question, India totally differs in this respect from other nations, and I am convinced in my own mind, that no danger need be apprehended as long as it remains in its present intellectual state. If we lose India, we will lose it by our enlightening the natives, and removing their religious prejudices. At present an Indian differs so much from a European in his customs and notions, that in a political point of view, he may be altogether regarded as an animal *sui generis*.

“The European (I refer chiefly to the middling and lower classes) is always more or less informed of what is going on. He is interested in his country’s welfare, and listens rapturously to songs and legends of her battles, and her heroes; he regards likewise the captains of her arms, and the leaders of her councils. Draw a comparison betwixt him and our Indian subjects.

“Your native is destitute of every such feel-



ing: patriotism, that purest of principles next to religion, is unknown to him; and one distinguishing trait in his character is complete apathy to all that passes in the world. He cares nothing what parties predominate, or what master he serves; and I even doubt if he cares a straw, (save perhaps in a religious point of view,) for his native land, or the spot where his forefather's ashes may have crumbled for ages. What motive then, can incite such a being to rebellion? Not liberty—it is unknown in Asia; as long as the peasant rears what he sows, and reaps what he rears, and is permitted to follow unmolestedly the idols of his heart, he is satisfied. Liberty, in its British acceptation, would be regarded by Asiatics, not as a blessing, but as a hardship and folly.

“What Dow says, Mr. Butler is not hypothesis.—‘Were even the despot,’ says he, ‘possessed of the enthusiasm of public spirit, the people would revolt against the introduction of freedom, and revert to that form of government which takes the trouble of regulation from off their hands.’



“The reason here given for their revolting against liberty, is the trouble it would entail upon themselves to support it. This agrees perfectly with the native character; their sloth, phlegm, carelessness, and in short, the *genius* of the people is averse to liberty. Colonel Dow moreover affirms in another place, ‘that despotism in India must be carried into madness before it could cause rebellion.’

“Is it then probable, Mr. Butler, that the most licentious press could so change the native sentiment regarding government, as to cause effects which it is allowed the sternest tyranny is incapable of producing? If there ever had existed in Hindostan the slightest hankering after freedom, of a shadow of the shadow of patriotism, we should not have established there the footing we now possess, nor would such universal happiness and content prevail.”

“Perhaps not,” said I, “but are there not some of the higher class of natives, Dr. Toby, who, by inflammatory representations, might be made to consider themselves as aggrieved!”

“Unquestionably there are such spirits; but



no one will now gravely assert that the relics of ancient Eastern nobility could be worked up by the most seditious writer, so as to cause any serious danger to our power. Are there not a thousand benefited to each one who has formerly been stripped by us? And is not the public voice of Hindostan raised aloud in testimony of British truth and justice, and of her own unexampled state of happy prosperity? Why then, should the timorous croakings of the short-sighted be adduced as sterling argument? Why should a superficial policy be the means of quenching the grandest of intellectual engines—one which is the touchstone of virtue, and surest bulwark of liberty!

“Oh England!” continued Doctor Toby, slapping his snuff-box upon the newspaper and fixing his eyes upon me; “Oh England, how unconscious art thou of the inestimable jewel encasketed within thy cliffs! Had I a seed of idolatry in my heart, I would prostrate myself on thy sea girt shore, and there offer up my adorations! For if ever Deity selected one spot for his peculiar blessing—if ever he vouchsafed partiality towards a race of the



children of men—that partial, and divinest of blessings—liberty fell on thy distant shores ! Thy liberty, like that bright angel seen by the apostle in the sun stands aloof from wondering nations. Like the rays of the sun, thy liberty is reflected but not appropriated. Thy liberty is thy birthright, but not, like Esau's, to be transferred. It is not thy more fortunate sons that live and die under thy benign influence, it is the wanderer in other climes who valueth fully his birthright ; it is he who knoweth liberty to be inestimable—unacquirable !”

As I saw Doctor Tobias Jenkinson was getting poetical, I carefully forbore interruption ; he however jumped up of a sudden, and exclaiming, “ Bless me, I have all this time forgot the captain's powders !” quitted abruptly the cabin.

I cogitated a few minutes on what the Doctor had said, and then taking the bundle of papers in my hand, sallied forth to commune with the pilot. I found him relating to a circle of idlers the latest Eastern news. Seringapatam had been besieged and sacked, whilst we were pur-



suing our watery wanderings ; and the account of so brilliant an achievement was therefore in itself really interesting and greedily listened to by every auditor. But to the pilot this was a theme as inexhaustible as the fall of Troy or the Argonautic expedition to the poets ; nor did Apollonius Rhodius make half so much of his subject. He condensed into four books the roving of the holy ship, even round by Scylla and Charybdis, with episodes thereon depending, and the many exploits of Jason, Hercules, Theseus and Orpheus : whereas our wordy Palinurus spun out his Mysore fleece with little intermission for four-and-twenty hours.

Next morning, about breakfast time, we came in sight of a low thickly wooded shore.

“ There’s Saugur,” said the pilot, and approaching nearer, we perceived at a distance some large ships at anchor ; by this time every telescope was engaged, and every eye strained to take in a first sight of far-famed Bengal. We were soon near enough to distinguish even the slight surf rippling on the flat shore, and with the glass, herds of



deer were seen scampering amongst the woods frightened doubtlessly by the tigers which abound in those desolate tracts. The low land about the Sunderbunds is all formed by the alluvial deposit of the Ganges,\* and is covered with a universal coppice of verdant foliage on which our sea sick eyes loved to repose, whilst our hopes grew higher as to the character of the future regions of our abode.

The signal was now given, and amidst general silence the thunder of the mighty anchor rushing to its oozy bed proclaimed the close of a long and tedious voyage. Congratulation and joy now sparkled in every eye; all little animosities were forgotten, and universal conviviality combined to dispatch the few fleeting hours we were destined to pass together.

We had hardly finished an early dinner before the Dawk boat (one for receiving the mails), and which is generally the first, arrived; a couple of others as quickly made up to us, the

\* For an estimate of the amazing quantity of earth annually carried down by the Ganges, see Lyell's *Geology*.—*Editor*.



one containing two *baboos*, or native merchants on the look out for a bargain or agency, the other laden with various sorts of fruit. These two boats were simultaneously secured, the one by the purser in order to start for Calcutta with despatches, the other by the midshipmen and cadets, who immediately made a destructive repast upon the plantains, pine apples, and melons, paying exorbitantly for what they considered was dirt cheap.

It was amusing to see the sailors and middies without much money in pouch, bartering old caps, pocket handkerchiefs, &c. for fine mangoes, plantains, melons, or pine apples, and chuckling at having "done Blackey," when in reality the whole of Blackey's cargo cost him little more than the trouble of gathering.

I and another cadet were anxious to get to Calcutta as soon as possible ; and alike regardless of the Captain's advice to wait for a better craft, and the great heat of the sun, we embarked bag and baggage in a small open *Dingy*, without the slightest protection from the heat—an act of imprudence for which I at least suffered severely.



What an extraordinary appearance does the Hoogly present to a newly imported British subject! Every thing is essentially at variance with what we have previously seen, and we feel not so much amazed, as conscious of the circumscribed knowledge of man concerning his species and the world on which he crawls.

Near the metropolis it is peculiarly interesting; Calcutta has justly been styled the "City of Palaces,"—there is an immensity of splendour and magnificence in her appearance, but when the mind (as it naturally so operates) compares the whole with London or other capitals it is soon stricken with the falling off in the river portion of the picture.

Calcutta is far from being destitute of industry and *qui vive*; it is also washed by a noble branch of the Ganges; but the Thames we see clad with masts, forest-like, of noble barks destined to traverse every distant sea; whilst on the other, saving a few brigs and pinnaces, thousands of bamboos, (the ugly masts of ill-constructed barges) arise in jungle-like array.

From the heat of the day, and dazzling glare,



which is fully as disagreeable as the heat, I had no inclination to make many observations ; we landed opposite Fort William, and had barely put foot on shore, when ten or twenty unclad savages rushed *nolens volens* into the Dingy, and seizing upon our luggage like so many harpies, led the way jabbering every inch of the road.

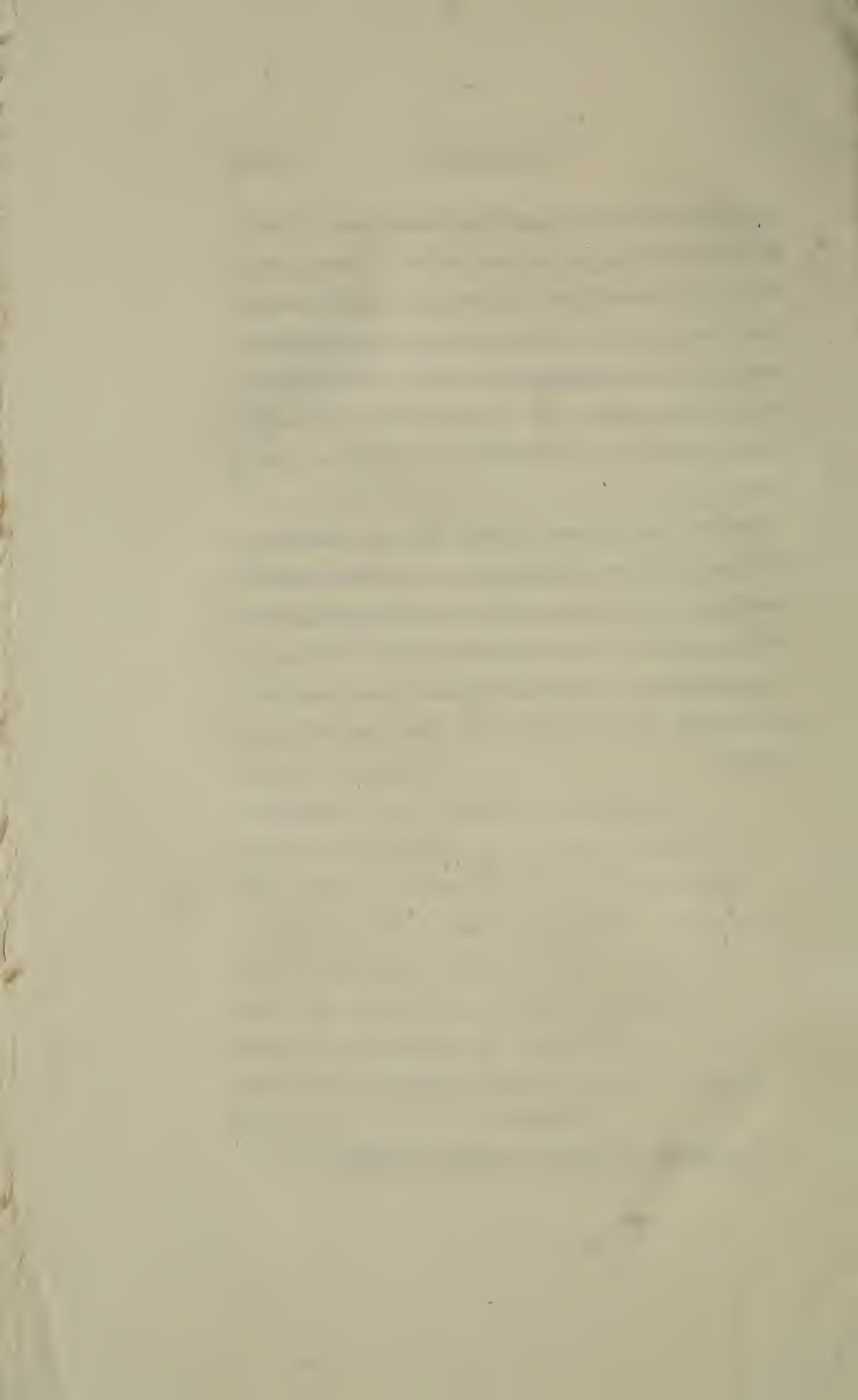
Several palankeens, which ply in this capital as hackney coaches do in others, were quickly in attendance ; but unwilling to tempt such machines, we crammed them with our writing desks, cloaks, and dressing cases, and in this order marched into the formidable Fort William.

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